



HISTORY OF MISSOURI

BENTON

IN WORDS OF
ONE SYLLABLE

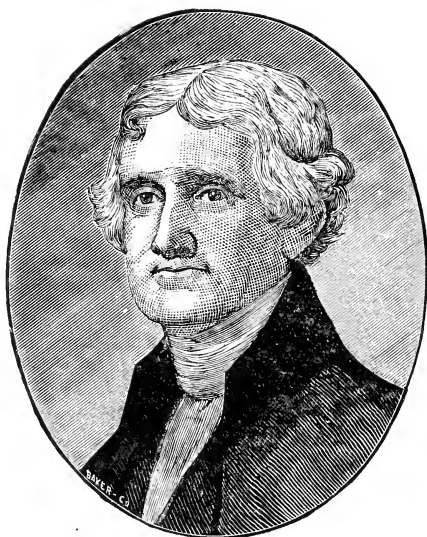
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Th: Jefferson.

Frontispiece.

HISTORY
OF
MISSOURI
IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

BY
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AUTHOR OF "PRINCE COASTWIND'S VICTORY," "HISTORY OF VIRGINIA," AND TRANSLATOR OF "UNDER THE STORK'S NEST," "IN THE SHILLINGS COURT,"
"MARGERITE'S PERIL," "THE VICAR'S DIARY," "CHAIN OF FATE," ETC., ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.



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PREFACE.

IT is a cherished habit with American parents to teach their children to revere the name of George Washington. It may appear strange to my little readers to find a less familiar face on the front page of a history of any part of our great country.

But we must cling to facts. The American history of the land occupied by Missouri dates only from the time that the distinguished statesman and author of the Declaration of Independence was President of these United States. Let this be my excuse for introducing Thomas Jefferson to the boys and girls of this State.

E. R. S. MACN.

Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept., 1889.

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HISTORY OF MISSOURI.

CHAPTER I.

LOUISIANA IS BOUGHT BY THE UNITED STATES.

IN the old, old days, of which we have no date, a tribe of Red men made their camp on the banks of a long, swift stream. They were on the chase, or "big hunt." In those days the chiefs of tribes who were not at war met twice a year, in the Spring and in the Fall, to go far from their towns to hunt the buf-fa-lo and elk, or such great game as then ran wild o'er all our land.

It was on one of these trips that the Red men came to this swift stream. The chase had been hot and the Red men were dry with thirst, and the sight of wa-ter made them glad.

One of the first to get to the bank where he could bend to drink had scarce wet his lips when he drew back with a wry face and a grunt, and said to those who stood near:

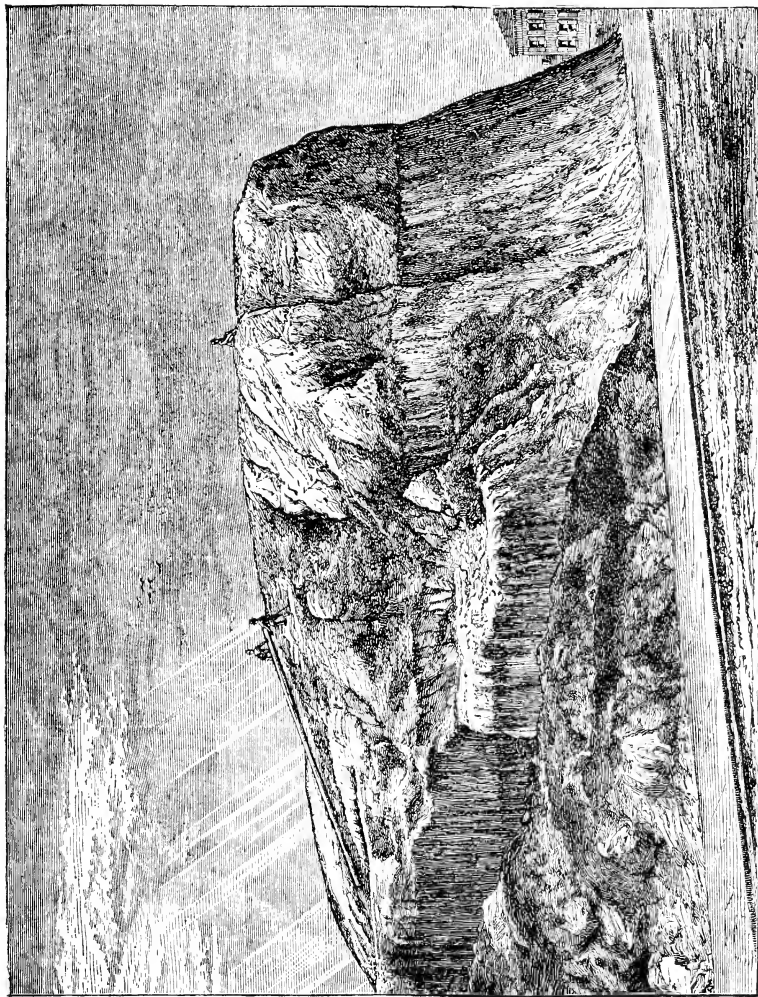
"Mis-sou-ri!"

The word in our tongue means "thick with mud." The tribe gave the name to the stream, and when white men came they gave that name to the tribe of Red men they found near the stream, but the land did not get the name till 1812.

It is said that white men trod the land here as far back as 1541. That De So-to and his men came this far in search of gold the same year that he first saw the great stream Mis-sis-sip-pi from the then wild shores of what is now the Ci-ty of Memphis.

We have no proof that such was the case, but we know that it was not till the year 1682 that white men, with Rob-ert de La Salle at their head, had laid claim to the whole of this part of our land for their King, Lou-is XIV. of France, and gave it the name of Lou-i-si-a-na. But wars in the old lands in time wrought a change in the claims here; the kings of Spain and France each laid claim to the land. At last, in the year 1762, Spain got the right to rule by a grant from France.

The French here did not like this. They had built up towns and made the land what it was by their toil. The posts of trade were made by them. They had their wives and homes here, hence their hearts were with the land. The Span-ish did not much for the good of the land.



THE "BIG MOUND" AT ST. LOUIS.

They did not have a thought to make this their home for all time. They came to take care of the land for the King, but not to live and die here.

Some of these men were bad, and made life hard for the French.

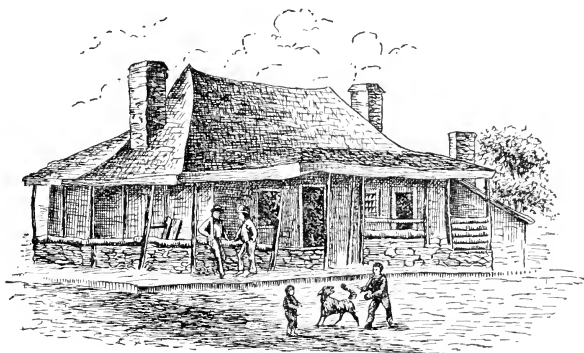
The last Com-mand-ant who had charge of the



HOME OF THE FRENCH SET-TLERS.

land here for Spain was a French-man by the name of Charles De-las-sus, a kind, good man, who did all he could for his race here. So life went on at last in peace, till the acts of Bo-na-parte, with his strife in the Old World, made Spain cede to France the land known as Lou-i-si-a-na in the New World.

This was in 1800. In 1803 Bo-na-parte had need of all the funds he could raise to make war on Eng-land once more. So he bade his Min-is-ter of Treas-u-ry tell the Min-is-ters to France from our Gov-ern-ment (Mr. Mon-roe and Mr. Liv-ings-ton sent to the Court of France by the Pres-i-dent, Thom-as Jef-fer-son) that the U-nit-ed States could



MAN-SION OF GOV-ERN-OR M'NAIR, 1820

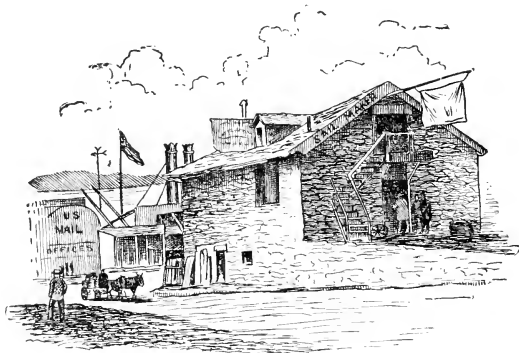
buy the whole of that vast tract of land (once known as Lou-i-si-a-na) for \$15,000,000.

Mr. Jef-fer-son, who knew the great worth of the land, was quick to grasp at this chance to buy ; and Con-gress soon saw the good of such a deal ; so, ere the new year of 1804, Lou-i-si-a-na was our Gov-ern-ment's land.

A line was then drawn through the vast tract,

and the land to the south of it should be known as the Ter-ri-to-ry of Or-le-ans, that to the north as the Dis-trict of Lou-i-si-a-na. A change in the names took place in 1812. From that time the land on the north side was known as the Ter-ri-to-ry of Mis-sou-ri.

“Ter-ri-to-ry” means a tract of land which is not yet in the Un-ion of States, though our Gov-ern-



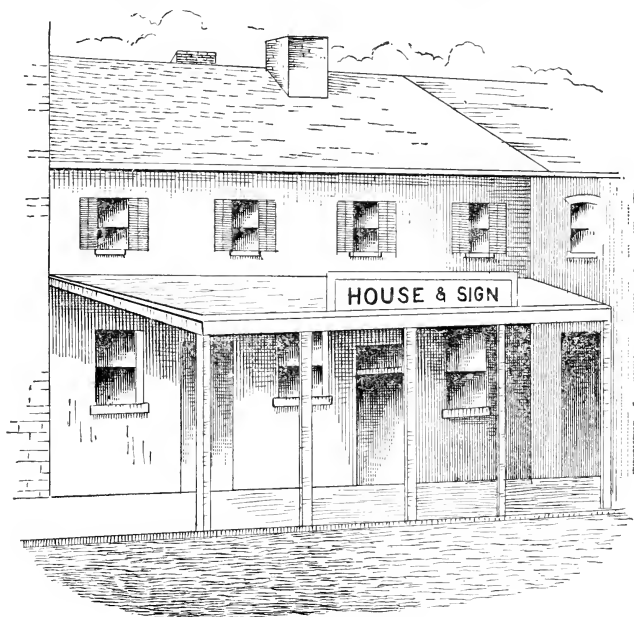
OLD “GREEN TREE TAV-ERN,” THE FIRST “HO-TEL” IN ST. LOU-IS.

ment cares for it, and the Pres-i-dent can send some one to rule and make laws for the good of those who live there.

In time towns spring up and folks spread and thrive, and soon can count so strong that they wish to choose their own men to make laws and rules to suit their needs. Then they ask to be

made a State to be part of the Un-ion and have their say as to who shall be chief. While they live in a Ter-ri-to-ry they can have no voice in such things.

This did not suit the men in Mis-sou-ri long, I



HOUSE WHERE THE FIRST MIS-SOU-RI LEG-IS-LA-TURE MET, ST. CHARLES, MO.

can tell you. They soon came to the door of the Un-ion and said :

“Lift the latch and let us in !”

But this could not be done in such haste ; for

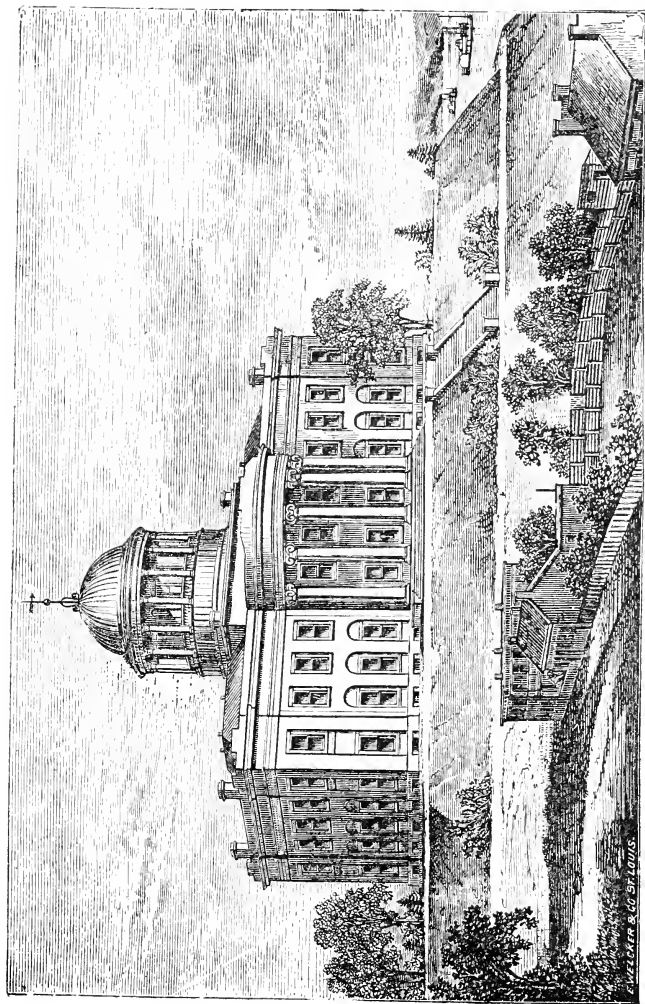
Mis-sou-ri did not wish to come in as a “free soil” State.

A great cry had gone up in the north and east for some years, and the slave trade was the cause of it. When slaves were first brought to this land it was not thought to be a crime to buy and sell black men. White men were at times sold then for some bad deed they had done.

In Vir-gin-ia, in the old times, the first girls brought from the old land were sold to men to serve as wives. But the white race would not be kept slaves, and soon, by their own worth, rose to stand side by side with those who bought them, and who had no wish to keep them down.

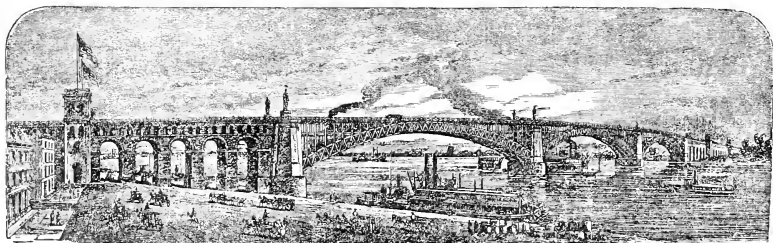
Black slaves were kept in all the States at first, but in the North the need for that race of men who could stand the heat of toil in the fields was not great, so there were but few slaves. These were made free men in the course of time.

The New Eng-land States led the cry for “free soil” o’er all the land, and such States as were known as free States now took a firm stand that no more slave States should come in the Un-ion, for fear these States might get to be so strong in numbers that the voice of the men sent from them to speak for their States would come to rule the whole land.



STATE CAP-I-TOL, JEF-FER-SON CI-TY.

It was the hope and aim of the men in the North to make an end to the slave trade, and hot words were said, and ill will grew out of this theme 'twixt North and South. For more than two years the war of words was kept up in the Halls of Congress ere a Bill was drawn by which Mis-sou-ri could at last take a place in the Un-ion of States. This Bill is known as the Mis-sou-ri Com-pro-mise. By this plan our State could come in with such slaves as



GREAT STEEL BRIDGE AT ST. LOU-IS.

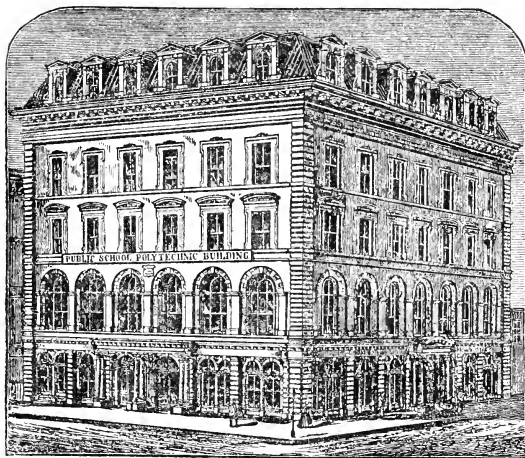
were on her soil ; but from that time on all lands north of this line must be free soil.

In 1820 Mis-sou-ri got to be a State, and in 1821 one more star shone on the flag of our Un-ion to tell the world of the birth of a new State, whose mot-to is, "The wel-fare of the peo-ple is the Supreme Law!"

There has been some change in the form of the land since white folks came to dwell there, for in

the years 1811 and 1812 there were hard earthquakes, when, like a flash, dry lands were sunk deep in the earth to fill with water, and where streams had been the ground rose up to form dry lands and hills.

In some parts of the Ci-ty of St. Lou-is, right



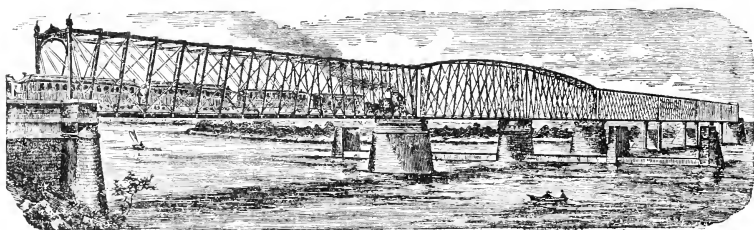
PUB-LIC SCHOOL LI-BRA-RY, ST. LOU-IS.

near the place where the old Web-ster school stands, in the north end of the town, great sink-holes so big and deep were made, that one might think the earth had been dug out for soil to farm the O-zark Moun-tains with.

But the skill of man has left no trace of these

great earth-quake dents. Fine streets, sweet homes, and big schools have spread o'er the lands made firm and smooth by the toil of man in one short lifetime.

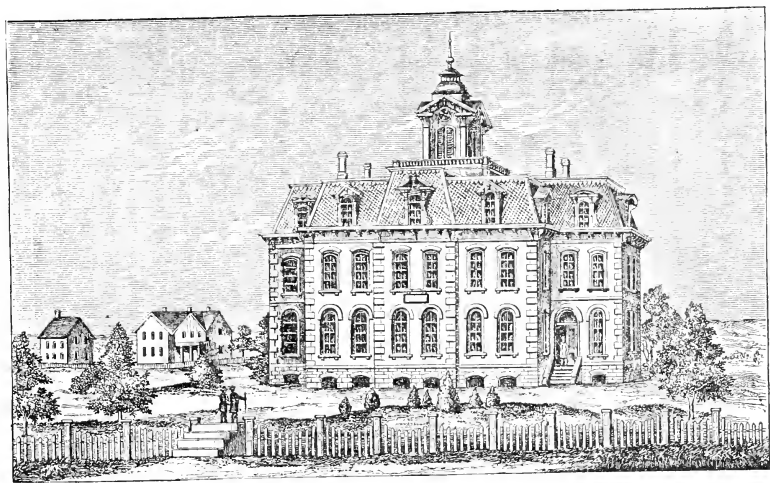
Try and think you are high up in an air-ship, and can look down from your perch on the 65,350 square miles of earth that form our State. Is it not a fine scene? Here you see vast fields of corn, to-bac-co, and fruits. The hills look as if a drape



BRIDGE AT ST. CHARLES, MO.

of leaves and vines hung on them, with grapes so thick you could not count them. How grand and green are the great tracts of wood-land! Thirty kinds of trees, we are told, can be found in our State. How big and fat the live-stock is that you can see graze here! The skill of man has but to touch the soil, and lo! the earth parts to show the wealth in her breast. Coal and ore and rich min-er-al lie there for all who care to look for it.

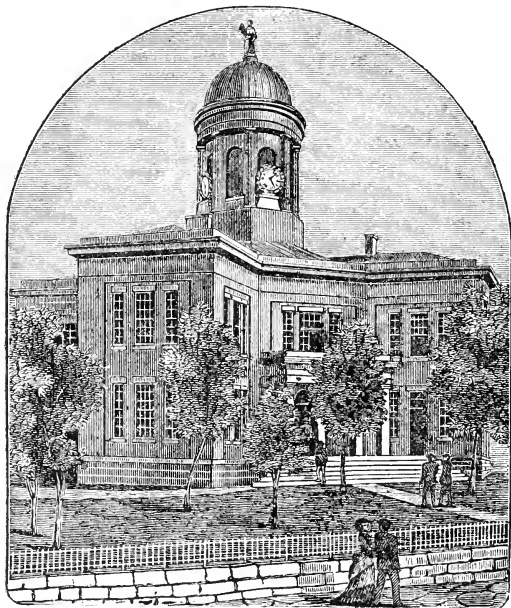
Now let your glance rove o'er that "long, great stream" to which the Red men gave the name of Mis-sis-sip-pi. Do you see where its clear waters rush by the mouth of the Mis-sou-ri and just touch the lips of the Il-li-nois? The three streams meet twenty miles north of St. Lou-is. If you take a



STATE SCHOOL OF MINES AT ROL-LA.

trip up the riv-er you must look for a curl and whirl of three shades of wa-ter that meet here, but do not mix. You can tell the Mis-sou-ri at once by its fine mud tints. What fame it has made for us! I heard a New York man ask a friend from St.

Lou-is, who had stood up brave in the face of much ill luck :



CLAY COUN-TY COURT-HOUSE, LIB-ER-TY, MO.

“I say—where do you get all your grit from?
Do you take it with your wa-ter?”

CHAPTER II.

THE FRENCH SETTLERS.

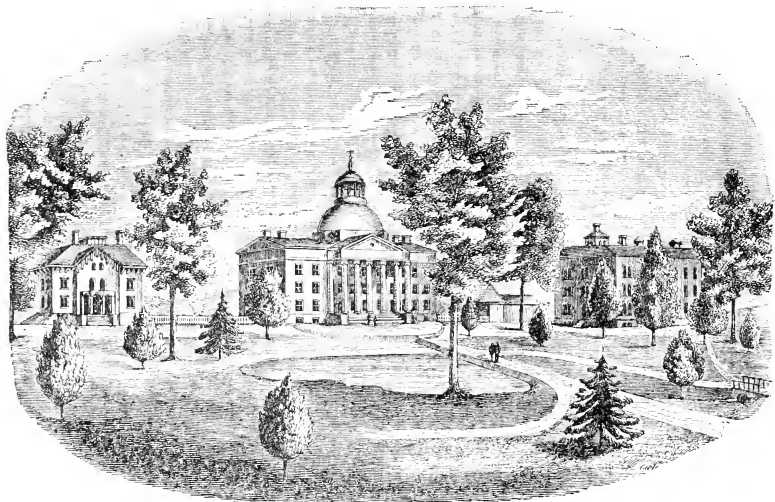
IN the year 1720 there came from France a man by the name Re-nault. He brought with him 200 white men and 500 slaves to work the mines on lands where gold and ore might be found. His camp was first made on the east banks of the Mis-sis-sip-pi, but when he found fine lead-mines on the west side of the stream he came to camp on the soil of what was to be Mis-sou-ri. Here a town or sprang up in 1735 known as Le Grand Camp, or le vieux village de Sainte Gen-e-viéve.

This is the first town built in Mis-sou-ri. In 1785 a great flood swept o'er the land, and the folks in the old town had to leave.

They built their new homes three miles from the old site, some six-ty miles from St. Lou-is ; and in the St. Gen-e-viéve of this day will be found the sons of those who first had the nerve to till the soil of our State and give it the face of home.

The names of some of the men who built up this town are known to us all to this day. The chief

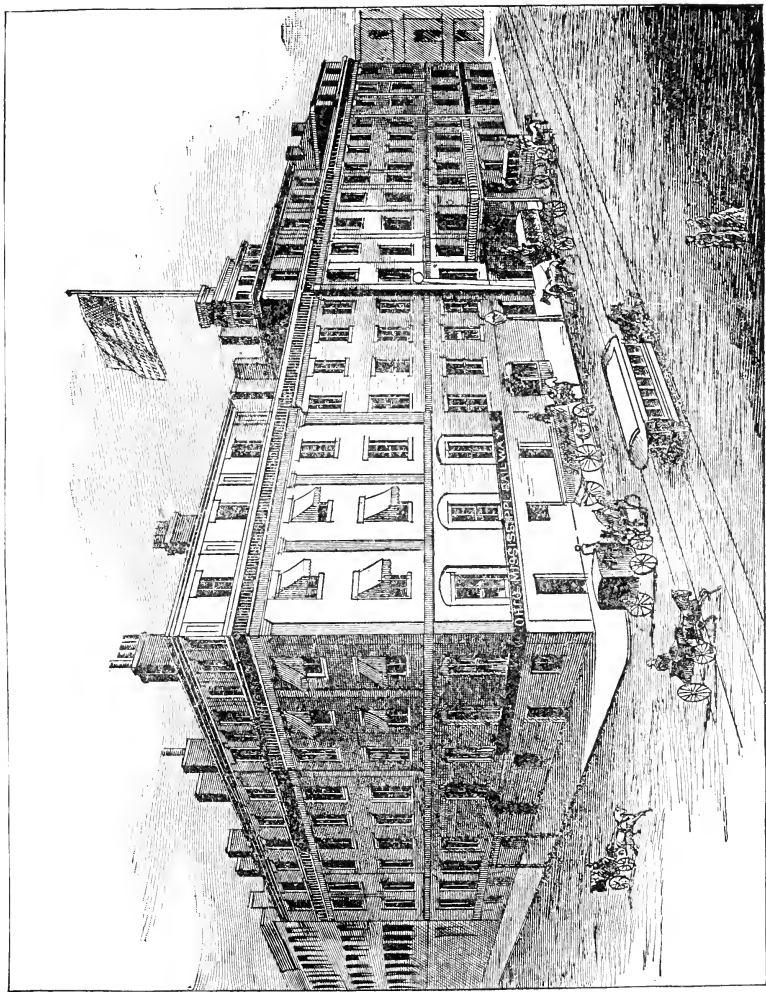
men were Fran-cois Val-le, Jean Bap-tiste Mau-rice, Fran-cois Cole-man, Jaques Boy-er, Hen-ri Mau-
rice, Par-fait Da-four, Jo-seph Be-quet-te, Jean Thor-
mure, Jo-seph Gov-reau, Lou-is Bois-due, Jean St.
Gem-me, L. Ga-bou-ry, J. Beau-raï-s, B. N. Jan-is,
J. B. Prat-te, and some whose names I could not



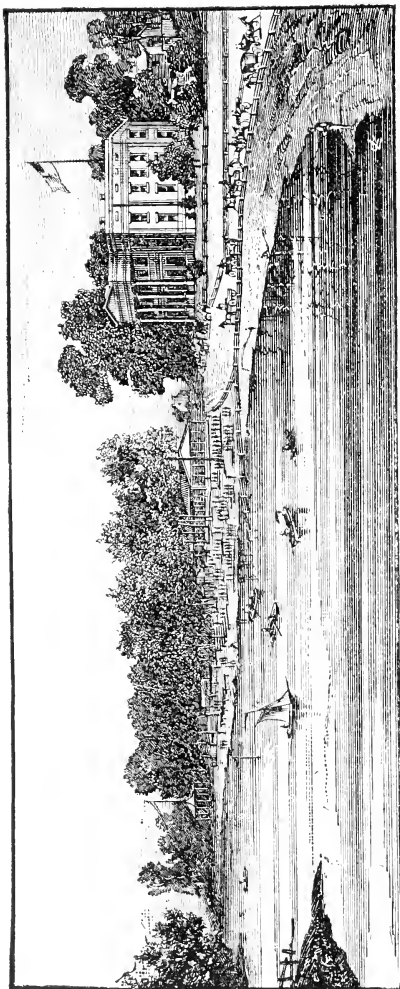
STATE U-NI-VER-SI-TY, CO-LUM-BI-A, MO.

find out, though the names of all those who first built up a land should be put in the tales of that land.

The next place to be made a town was but a small spot on the Mis-sou-ri Riv-er, the Vil-lage



THE PLANTERS' HOUSE, A FAMOUS OLD HO-TEL, ST. LOUIS.



SUMMER RESORT ON GRAVAIS ROAD, NEAR ST. LOUIS.

du Cote, laid out in 1762. That "small town" is now St. Charles.

In August, 1763, Pierre La-clede Liquest came from New Or-le-ans with a large load of goods to trade with the Red men and seek a fine tract of land to found a new town. The heights where St. Lou-is is built struck him as just the spot for his plan.

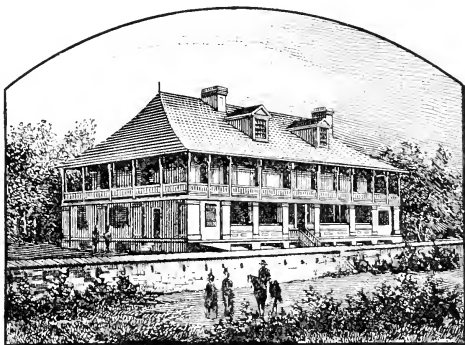
The next year Au-guste Chou-teau, La-clede's aid, had the land made clear for a large town, to which La-clede gave the name of St. Lou-is, for his King, Lou-is XV. of France.

The sketch you see here is the first

large well-built house put up in the town. 'Tis the first home of the well-known race of Chou-teaus.

Up to this date St. Ange de Belle-rive, the chief man here for the French Gov-ern-ment, had his camp in a place in Il-li-nois known as Fort Char-tes. He now came to St. Lou-is with his troops, and so this town got to be the one of great note. Here all the men came to trade, and here the com-merce of the State made its nest in those days, just as it does in our day on so vast a scale.

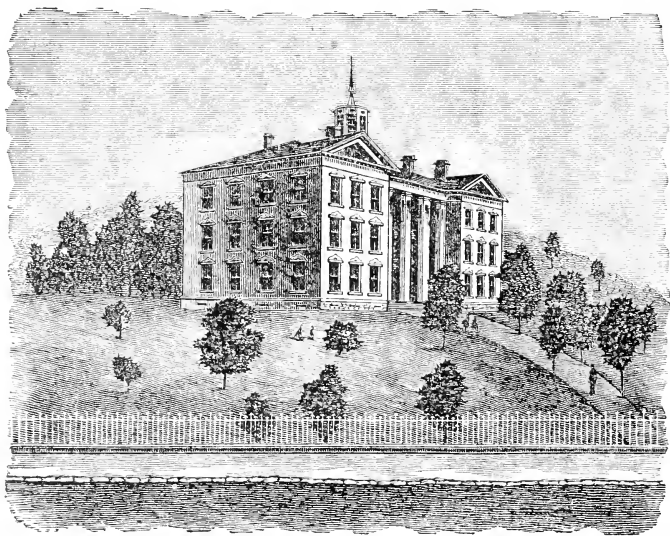
How quaint those old towns would look to us! How nice it must have been to see lands laid out like one vast field in which each man had a share to till and to reap and take care of! All were good friends. They could go from house to house and share in the home cheer. Would you not like to have a peep at the wee French boys and girls in their dress of chintz, with such small moc-ca-sins on their feet that one could wish a pair of



THE CHOU-TEAU MAN-SION, FIRST LARGE HOUSE
BUILT IN MIS-SOU-RI.

them might be had now, to prize with the choice things of a bric-a-brac case.

The men wore wide pants made of coarse cotton cloth, with a bright shirt; a wide belt held the pants in place. At times a blanket with a hood was worn



WIL-LIAM JEW-ELL COL-LEGE, LIB-ER-TY, MO.

by the men on the streets. Their shoes, like those of wife and child, were moc-ca-sins. The wife and maid wore chintz skirts, a sack waist, a bright 'kerchief at the throat, when the dress was one of state.

They did not have great wealth, but none were so poor that they had to take alms. They knew how to have a good time in their way, as well as we do in these days, and how they did love to dance!

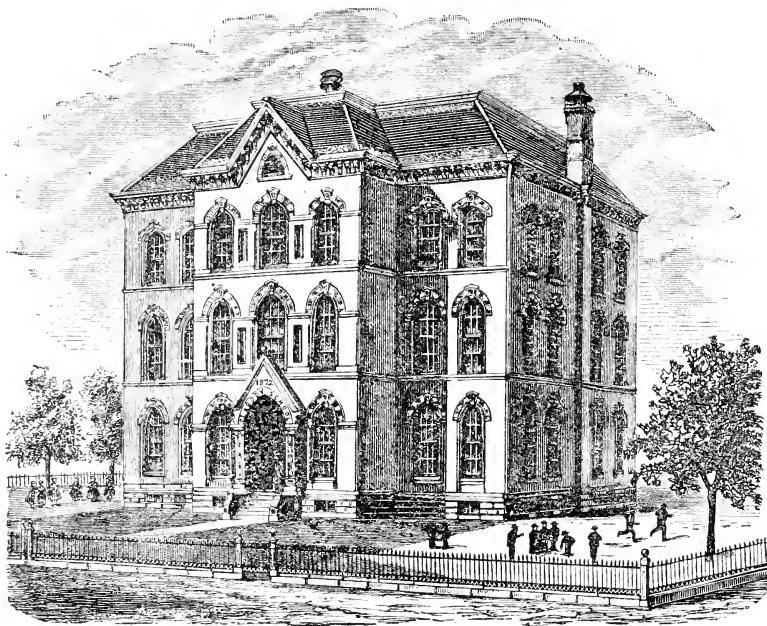


MIS-SOU-RI RE-PUB LI-CAN (NOW "RE-PUBLIC") BUILD-ING, ST. LOU-IS.

Mr. Fir-min A. Rozier, who tells of these "French cus-toms," says they had what is known as the King's ball. At such times a big cake was made, in which four beans were put. When it was cut, each man got a slice, and the ones who drew the beans were made the kings of the next ball. They then chose their queens, to whom they gave some nice gift.

The old folks were not left out in the cold at such times. Two quite old folks were made chief of the house for the time, and they had the right to say who "should o-pen the ball." Then the "fiddle" struck up, young men and maids made their best bows, and the fun went on till it was time to

feast, when bouil-lon, bis-cuit, coffee, and a cake hard and crisp, cro-quig-nolles by name, gave new life to the scene.

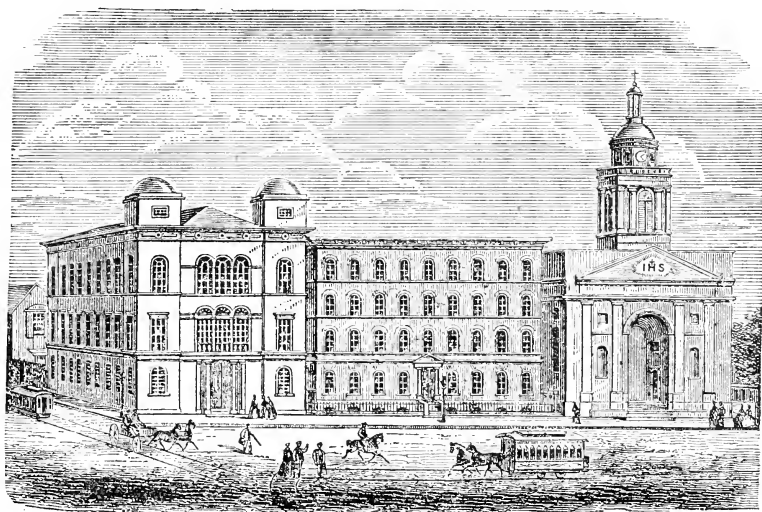


PEA-BOD-Y SCHOOL, ST. LOU-IS.

(The Ames, Bates, Ben-ton, Car-on-de-let, Carr Lane. Car-roll, Clay, Clin-ton, Di-voll, Doug-lass, El-i-ot, Hum-boldt, Irv-ing, La-clede, Lin-coln, Ly-on, Mad-i-son, O'Fal-lon, Pope, and Sum-ner Schools are built in this style.)

The coach of that day is a thing to make note of. It had two wheels made of white oak, the hubs were of gum-wood, the frame was just a pair of strong

poles on which things could rest. It was in use for all sorts of farm work. When a dame thought it was time to call on a friend who did not live close by, a chair was tied to this frame, and there was the State coach all in trim. If the roads were bad,



ST. LOU-IS U-NI-VER-SI-TY.

two or more hors-es were put in the raw-hide harness, just as we would drive tan-dem in our time, and so the trip was made in high style.

On New Year's night the folks had lots of fun. They first went to mass, for most all the French of

that date were good Cath-o-lics, and ere they gave their thoughts to mirth they bent the knee to Him Who gave them all of good in life.

But there was no sin in the fun they had. Old and young just put on some odd style of dress to make folks laugh, then they went from house to house to sing and dance. This was the Guig-no-lêe, or good-cheer sport for the New Year.

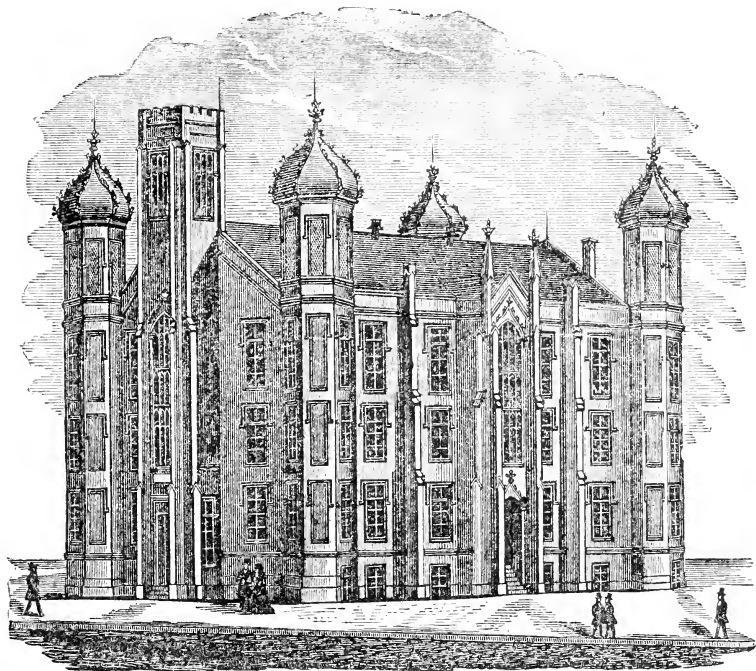
CHAPTER III.

THE RED MEN AND THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

You must not think that these first French folks had things all their own way when they came here. The Red man had his home North, South, East, and West ; so the white man found him here as well.

Just bear this fact in mind, that the Red man did not make war on the whites till the tricks and false ways of the whites put them on their guard, and taught them they must fight and act if they did not wish to see the whites spread step by step, rob them of their game, and at last drive them from their own soil.

But the French were good friends to the tribes they found here, and the time came when their kind acts to these tried souls brought them aid in times



CEN-TRAL HIGH SCHOOL, ST. LOU-IS.

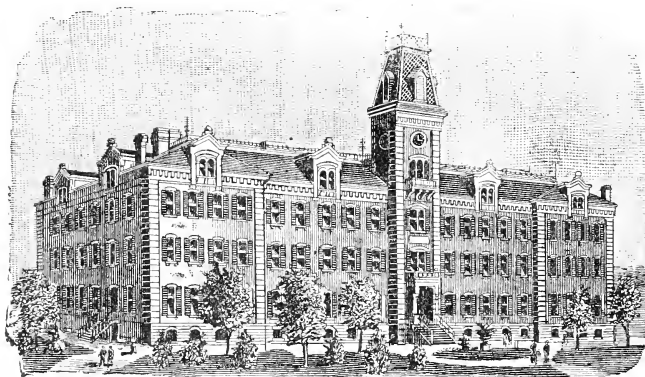
when harm would have come to the whites but for these In-dians, who gave good deeds for good deeds.

A tribe known as Cha-wa-nous, who had their

towns here, were more like white men in their mode of life than most of the Red men in this land.

They did not live in wig-wams, but in big huts made of logs, and built so that storms could not beat through.

They knew of the art of self help in case of war with bad tribes that at times came to break in on



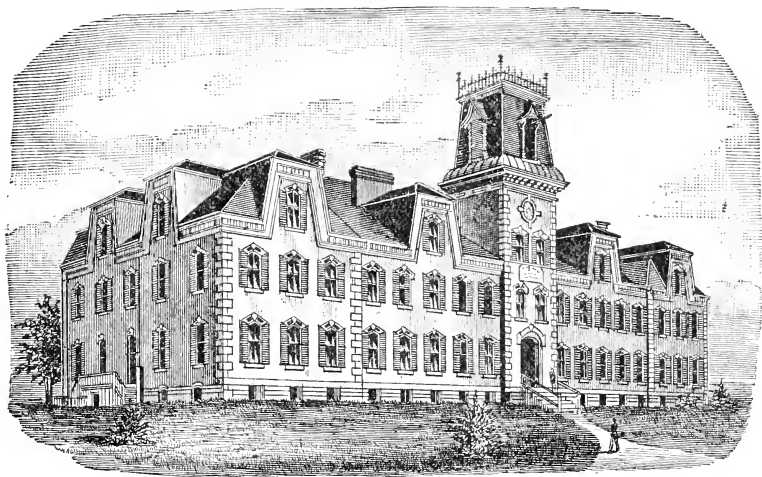
GER-MAN PROT-ES-TANT THE-O-LOG-I-CAL COL-LEGE.

their way of life. It may be that some white man who came here with bands in search of gold, years and years gone by, stayed with this tribe and taught them such things.

The squaws knew how to dress with taste, though it had the charm of a wild style, to be sure. They knew how to till the soil, to plant and glean,

and they knew that there was a God Who could see their acts. They gave Him the name GREAT SPIR-IT.

They gave praise in a way all their own, twice a year. In the spring when the grain was put in the ground, and in the month when the grain was ripe they held great feasts, to show how glad they were for the good things of earth.



GER-MAN PROT-ES-TANT OR-PHANS' HOME, ST. CHARLES, ROCK ROAD.

Of love and grief these Red folks too had their share. A tale is told of the bright young sis-ter of the fierce and proud chief Te-cum-seh. She went from her home at St. Gen-e-vieve to see some friends with a tribe who had their camp near New Mad-rid.

Here she met Fran-çois Mai-son-ville, a French-man, who fell in love with her. She gave him her heart and hand and they were wed.

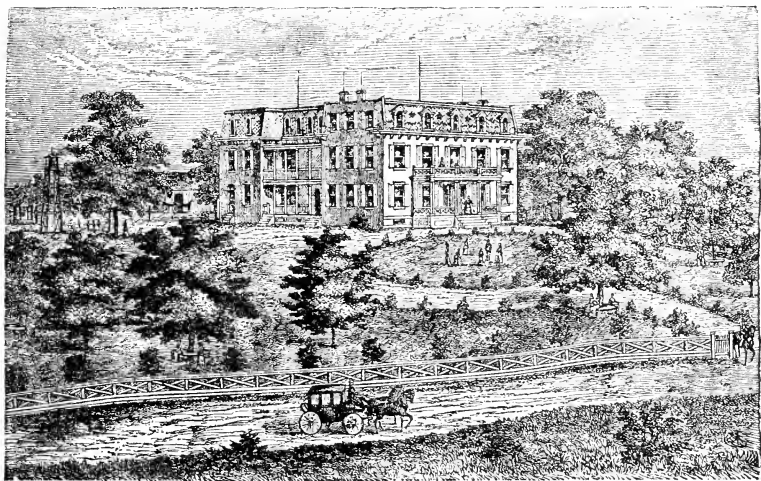
When the great Shaw-nee chief heard of it he got so wroth that he put on war-paint and came to Mis-sou-ri in a fine rage, and took his sis-ter from the man of her choice and made her go back to her folks.

But Te-cum-seh did not have time to stay and watch the bride. He had blood in his eye. He gave the poor girl a wild glare that he thought would dry up all the love in her heart, then went forth to drum up Red friends of his own to go to war with him at home. As soon as he was gone the bride fled to her dear one at New Mad-rid, where the two set up house, and had a fine lot of boys and girls. Some of their race still thrive in the old town.

In those days the French had no cause to fear the Red men. Not till the Brit-ish came to Il-li-nois and put bad thoughts in the hearts of the In-dians was there need of forts on the west side of the Mis-sis-sip-pi. Some tramp tribes came once in a while, with quills in their hair and war-paint on their skin, and gave the white folks a great scare with their wild yells. But at no time was there great fear of blood shed till the A-mer-i-can Col-o-nists went to war with Great Brit-ain. The French all

through this part of the land were heart and soul with the brave men who tried to throw off the yoke put on them by Eng-land.

This made the Eng-lish mad, and the troops in Il-li-nois did their best to stir up ill-will and hate for the white men who did not side with them and the

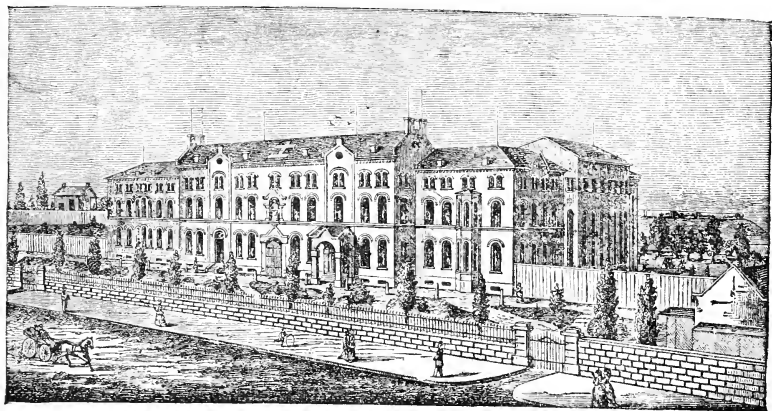


ST. LOUIS SEM-I-NA-RY, AT JEN-NINGS STA-TION, MO.

King's cause. But ere that time the French and the In-dians were good friends. The priests who spoke their tongue taught some of the Red men how to read and write, and told them of our Lord, and got not a few of them to join the church. They

saw how the priests could heal the sick, bind up wounds, or set a leg as well as pray, so they gave them the name of big med-i-cine chiefs.

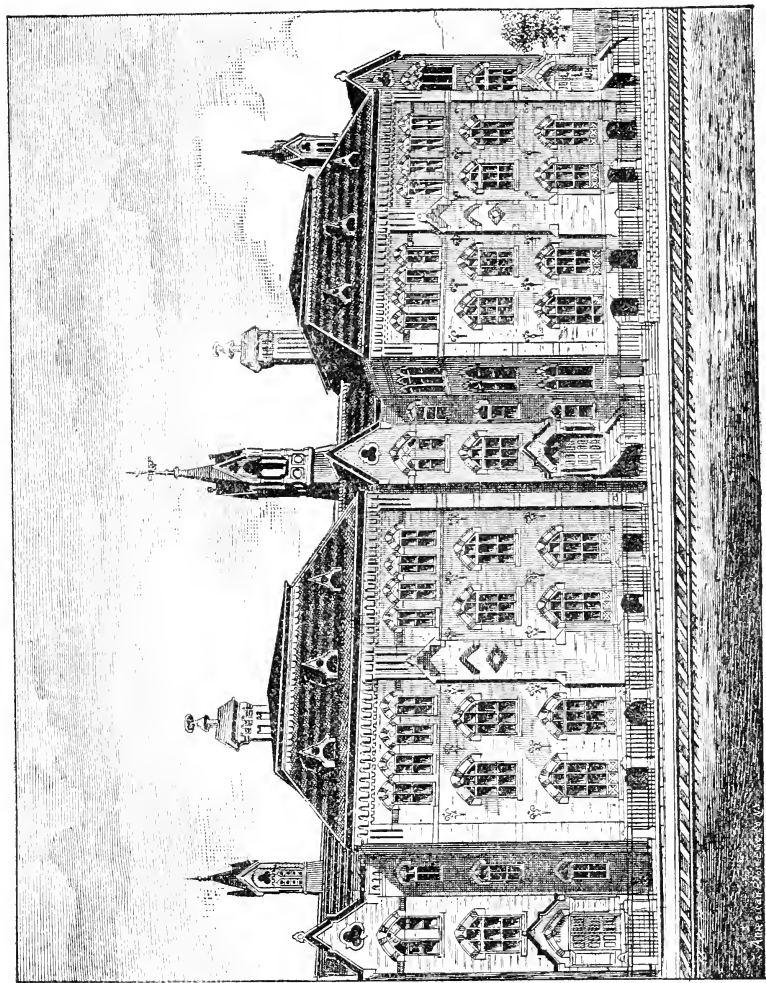
It was at the time St. Lou-is was laid out that France gave all her lands on the east side of the Mis-sis-sip-pi to Great Brit-ain, and that on the west to Spain. But the folks were all French, for



CON-VENT OF THE VIS-I-TA-TION, CASS AV-E-NUE, ST. LOU-IS.

the Span-ish did not come here to live and did not fight hard to rule.

Spain sent troops to claim the land, and the French just let them "claim," but went right on in their own way in peace. Not so with the French in Il-li-nois. They did not like the Eng-lish rule,



JEF-FER-SON SCHOOL, ST. LOU-IS.

and left their homes to join their luck with the Mis-sou-ri folks and their old com-mand-er, St. Ange De Belle-rive, who was the chief till 1770, when Spain at last put a man of their own race in his place.

On such good terms were the French and the Red men that the chiefs of tribes came in state to call on the French Com-mand-er. In 1769 the great Ot-ta-wa chief Pon-ti-ac came to smoke a friend's pipe, and eat of his salt, and chat with St. Ange de Belle-rive at St. Louis. From here he went to a feast at Pa-ho-kia, when he was slain by one of the Kas-kas-kia tribe of Red Men. It was found out that one of the Eng-lish trad-ers had put the In-dian up to do the deed. The Kas-kas-kias had to pay for it, all the same ; for the rage of the Ot-ta-was was so great that they knew no rest till the last of the tribe was swept from the land. The chief was brought to St. Lou-is and laid to rest in a spot of earth green with shrub and tree, and sweet with song of wild birds, near the place now known as Broad-way and Cher-ry Streets.

The race of Red men will pass from our day, and, in time to come, the bones and beads and arms found in their graves is all that will be left to tell that such a strange race of men once were kings of this land. So we now try to find a trace of a race that once had homes here ere the Red man's time.

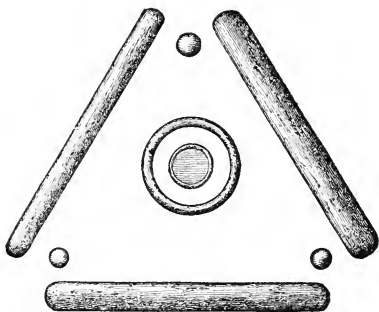
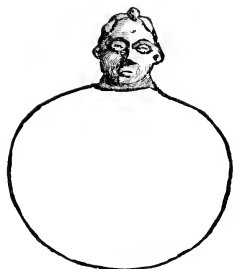
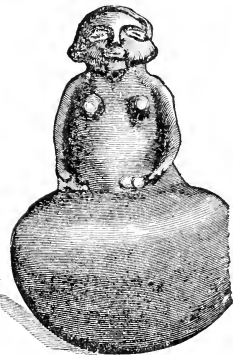
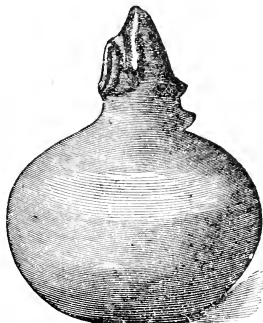
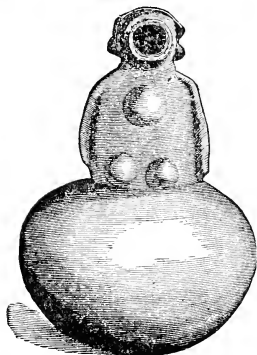
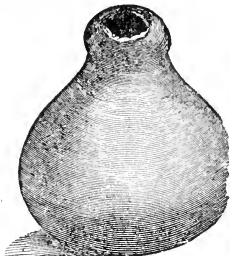
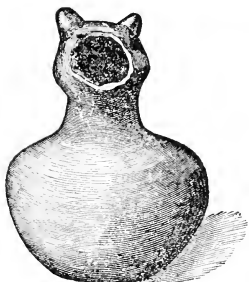
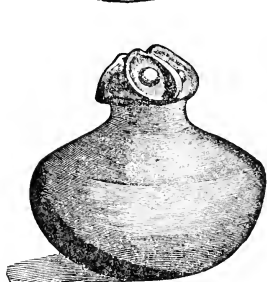
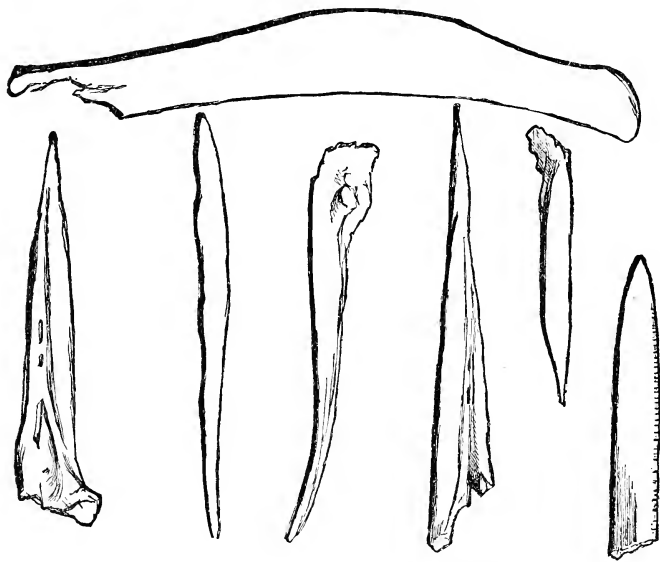


Fig 9.—Historical Mound.



JARS FOUND IN SOUTH-EAST MIS-SOU-RI.

We call them the "Mound-build-ers." They were a race of men of more brain than the Red men, for they took pains to mark the earth and the rocks in such a way that time could not wipe out the fact that such a race had lived. The In-dians have no



TOOLS OF BONE USED BY MOUND-BUILD-ERS.

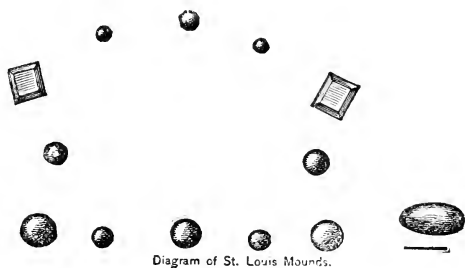
such care or pride of race. They were born just to get through life with few wants and no high aims that would prove steps to lead up to great deeds. To hunt, eat, drink, sleep, and now and then fight, will sum up the tale of an In-dian's life.

But the Mound-build-ers must have had an aim and a taste for the fine arts. It is but in late years that men of sci-ence made note of the strange fact that St. Lou-is was built on a well laid-out plan of large and small mounds.

It was at first thought that these hills were made by the Red men, and for years they were known as "In-dian Mounds," in which the Red men laid their dead. But as these mounds had to give place to the thrift of our own race, and the earth was dug down to clear the way for the streets of a big town, in the heart of these strange mounds were found queer works of art, jars and urns made of clay, with marks on them to prove that they had been made by a race that gave thought to the work.

Rocks have been found with signs on them that must have been put there by men whose aim was to leave prints that time could not wear out.

We know the Red men of our age did not toil nor build. Who, then, were these men who left



such signs on the face of the earth to tell us that a race with mind and brain so much like ours were once lords of the soil?

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST STEAM-BOAT AT ST. LOUIS.

THE French who first came to Mis-sou-ri brought with them the faith of the Cath-o-lic Church. Both Spain and France kept up this faith, though no force was put on those not of that church to take part in it, nor were they made to pay a tax to help keep it up.

This was not the case with the Eng-lish Col-o-nists. They were one and all made to pay tithes to the Crown for the Church of Eng-land, though most of the folks were not of that church.

While Spain had the right to rule in Mis-sou-ri, there was a law made to keep the Prot-es-tant faith out of the place. There was no Prot-es-tant church and no one to preach the faith, but at times a preach-er came from Il-li-nois, and then the Prot-es-

tants would all meet in some house to sing and pray and hear him preach in spite of the laws of Spain.

These laws may have been strict, but the chief in command did not press them on the folks. It is told of a man by the name of John Clark that he rode through sun or storm, cold or hot days, through the slush and mire of the low-lands of Il-li-nois to bring the "Word of God" to the few of his faith in Mis-sou-ri. The Span-ish Com-mand-er of course knew when he came, but he did not act as if he knew it till Clark had gone his rounds; then all at once he made a big hue and cry, and said with a great show of rage:

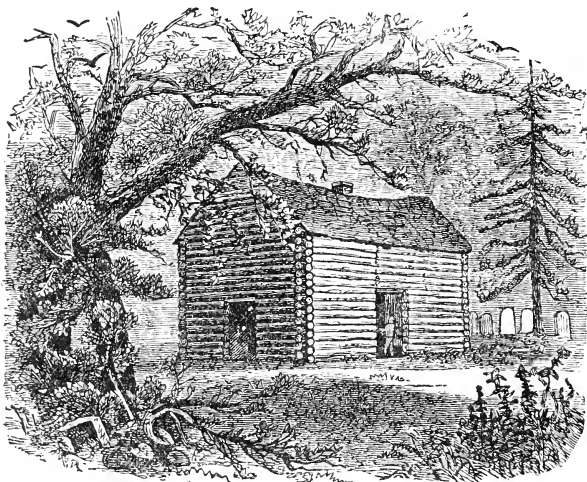
"What! do I hear that John Clark is here once more? The her-e-tic! Tell him to make tracks out of the place with all speed. If I catch him the next time he comes, I'll jug him up. This is the last time I will warn him!



ST. LOU-IS CA-THE-DRAL, FOUND-ED 1776.

Let him be off! If he is in town an hour hence I'll box him up!"

To John Clark that was an old tune; but he put on a look as if he were in fear of his life, put his horse to its best trot, and got out of town with a sly smile on his face that said, as plain as could be, that



FIRST PROT-EST-ANT CHURCH IN MIS-SOU-RI.

this joke made his trip a good deal less dull than if he did not have to wind it up with a race for free-dom.

There was no Prot-es-tant church built in Mis-sou-ri till the year 1806; then the Beth-el Bap-tist

“meet-ing-house” was put up in Jack-son, Cape Gir-ar-den County, David Green, Pastor.

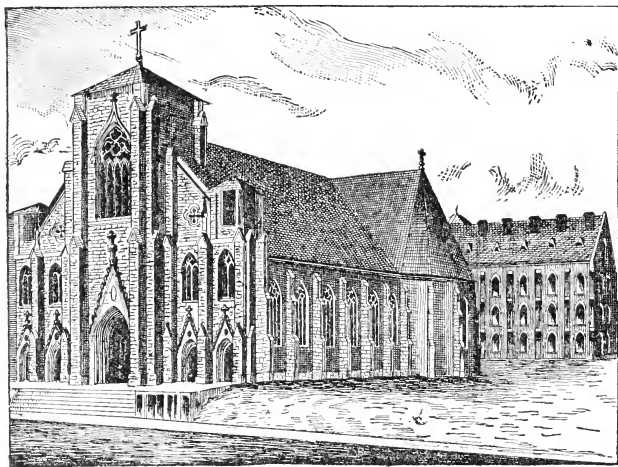
How proud these good folks must have been the first time their songs of praise rang out through the rents in those great logs of which the “church” was built.

I guess they did not pass round the plate then, for they had no cash to give. They had to use deer-skins for coin for a long while. Or they would trade off one thing, and take for it some such thing as they were in need of. Real coin was scarce, and small coin rare, but those smart men knew how to make change in a way all their own.

They would cut a large coin in four or eight parts, each worth just so much, and call each part a “bit.” This is the way we came by the “two bits,” “four bits,” and so on, that cause folks in the East to smile at what they term our back-woods talk. Our “two bits” is worth just as much as their “two shil-ling,” which sounds quite as queer to those who first hear that word in use.

Those in the East cling to the Eng-lish names. They do not seem to bear in mind that in Mis-sou-ri in the old days men in trade had to pick out short words to fit the use of the time, and make sense of it for those who had to trade with men who spoke a strange tongue.

Da-vis and Dur-rie, in their His-to-ry of our State, say that up to the year 1804 there were but two A-mer-i-can fam-i-lies in the place, so we can see Eng-lish was but in use when men came from the A-mer-i-can shore in Il-li-nois to deal with the French in St. Lou-is. All the needs of life in the



ST. AL-PHON-SUS CHURCH, ST. LOU-IS.

way of food and stores were brought from New Or-leans by boat.

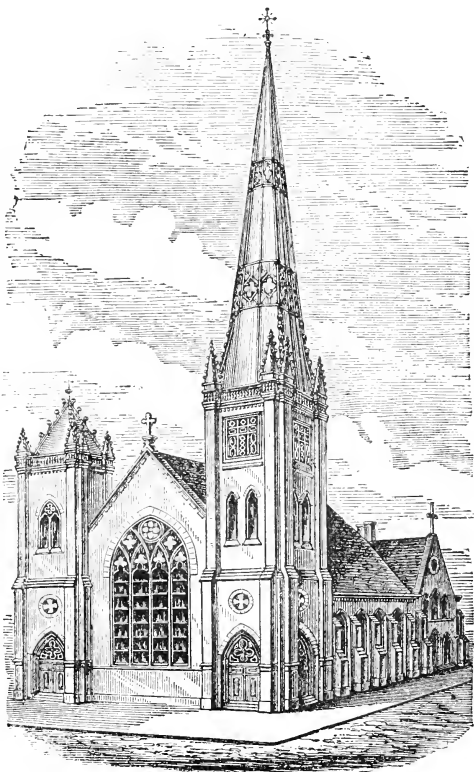
It took five months to make the trip. When a boat set sail, the folks came from far and near to see it sail. Those who had friends on board would

stand with tears in their eyes, and sad, sad hearts, for fear they would see their dear ones no more.

The small girls and boys did not eat as much sweet stuff as the young folks do now, for sugar was two dollars a pound.

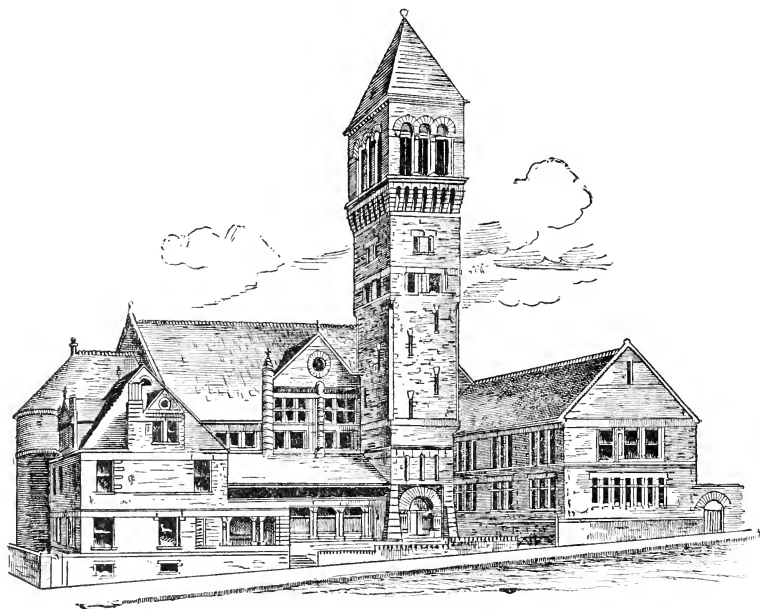
“High teas” were not in style with the dames of the St. Louis of those days. Tea could not be had at all till our Government bought the land, then there was a change to make the heart glad. A-mer-i-cans came from Ken-tuck-y and Vir-gin-ia, and brought news, life, and fresh pluck to help build up the new Ter-ri-to-ry.

The small floats in use to bring folks from the



PILGRIM CON-GRE-GA-TION-AL CHURCH, ST. LOU-IS.

east shore gave place to large boats that would hold teams as well as men. Trade got to be so brisk that men felt safe to place their cash in such stores as the needs of a live town would call for.



GRACE CHURCH, KAN-SAS CI-TY.

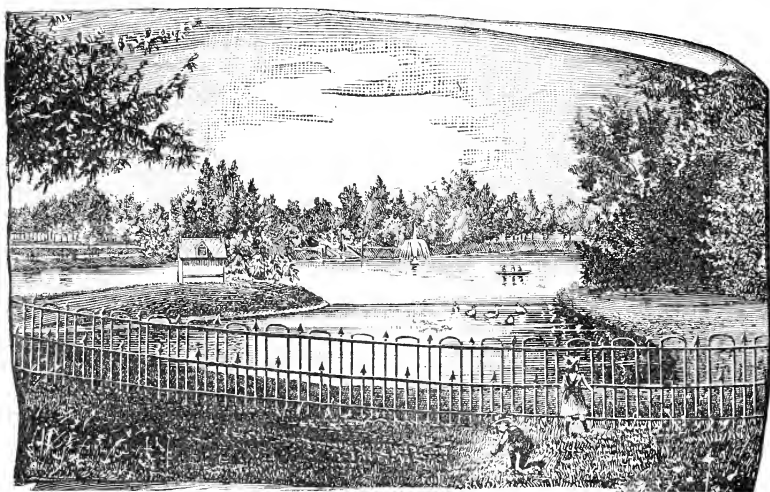
In 1804 St. Lou-is got the first sign of kin with the U-nit-ed States by a post-of-ice set up by our Gov-ern-ment.

A Mr. Rotch-ford was the first man to teach



George Knapp

school. Then George Tompkins, a young man from Vir-gin-ia, came to start a school and read law when not at work with his boys. He got to be Chief-jus-tice of Mis-sou-ri. In 1808 the first news-pa-per in St. Lou-is was born. It is the RE-PUB-LIC now.



LAKE IN LA-FAY-ETTE PARK, ST. LOU-IS.

The chief trade with the States was in furs at that time. Bands of men would form to make trips in the dense wilds of Mis-sou-ri to trap and hunt, and the skins they brought back was the source of vast wealth to some of the well-known men East and West.

But the great day for Mis-sou-ri was the 2d of Au-gust, 1817. On that date great and small, white, red, and black folks in St. Lou-is saw a thing glide up the Mis-sis-sip-pi that made some hearts quake, and the hair on black heads stand up as if it were not made to kink, and the dark skin turn blue with fright.

This thing came on with puffs and snorts that sent out sparks and thick black smoke. As it made a curve near the town it gave a loud shrill shriek that could be heard for miles up and down the land. Crowds of men and boys were at the edge of the stream to see it land at the foot of Mar-ket Street, but those who did not know what it was thought the strange "beast" would creep up on the land and make a meal of them, no doubt; but when they heard that shriek, they took to their heels and ran for dear life, and those who were the most fleet of foot in this race were a lot of In-dians who were in town that day. It was long ere they had faith in the words of those who told them that this "thing" was made by the skill of man, and that it did its work by *steam*.

It was the Gen-er-al Pike, the first steam-boat to make its way through the snags of the "mighty Mis-sis-sip-pi."

CHAPTER V.

HISTORY OF DANIEL BOONE.

UP to the year 1795 there was no path made through the wilds of Mis-sou-ri. The "Trad-ing Posts" of the French were on the banks of the chief streams.

At this time there were four such towns or "posts:" St. Lou-is, St. Gen-e-vieve, St. Charles, and Car-on-de-let; but the first white man to break the ground of the soil far back in the gloom of the dense woods was an A-mer-i-can, Dan-i-el Boone. He was born in "Phil-a-del-phi-a County, Ex-e-ter town-ship, Penn-syl-va-nia."* His home was in a wild spot, where fierce beasts came close to the house to prowl in search of food; the scent of fresh shot game led them at times right to the door. You may well know that the use of gun and knife was taught the lads of that day when they were quite young.

Dan-i-el had a quick eye and a firm hand.

* Quot-ed from Dr. John P. Hale's ar-ti-cles on Boone, in the St. Lou-is *Re-pub-li-can*.



Daniel Boone

When he was still a small boy he went out to hunt with some young friends one day; they had not gone far when a strange sound like a child's shrill cry rang out o'er their heads. They well knew what it was, and the boys fled, pale with fear. Not so Dan-i-el; swift as a flash his glance caught the gleam of a pair of fierce eyes. Bang!

Just as the beast, a big pan-ther, made a spring for him, a ball found his heart and he fell dead at Dan-i-el's feet.

That is the kind of a shot he was when a boy. As man his aim was just as quick and true. He knew not what fear was.

I grieve to tell you that he knew the use of his fists as well as his gun. That he was a bad boy at school, and would not keep his nose well down on his book, nor his eyes bent on his task so that his teach-er was proud to say to his pa and ma, "Dan-i-el is the pride of my life, and knows more than all the rest in the school."

No. Dan-i-el would not stick to his books, and he was not his teach-er's pet. But he was the pride and pet of his school-mates, for he was bright, brave, and strong.

The school-house was a log hut, the door of which was made of the dried skins of wild beasts. Light and air was let in from the roof, one of the

logs there would be let down with straps of hide to form a win-dow.



IN THE WILDS OF MIS-SOU-RI.

It was not safe to leave the door down for fear wild beasts might creep in and harm the boys.

Pegs made of wood had to serve for nails and hinges in those days.

The teach-er did not make pets of his boys, but the poor man had a pet. It did him more harm than the boys. It was a flask with a "wee drop" in it, of which the teach-er was o'er fond.

He would hide it in the woods, where he could get at it once in a while when he got dry of tongue. The boys did not know why he had to leave the room to get a "sniff of air," as he said, but he came back each time more red and cross than when he went out.

One day Dan-i-el found the flask. Then he told the boys to watch out for fun, for he had put some stuff in the flask that he knew would make the teach-er so sick that he would need all the air he could get right quick.

You can guess how full of laugh those bad boys were when the teach-er left the room, but oh, how cross he was when he got back!

Dan-i-el, who did not quite know his task, was told to march up to the desk. The teach-er was just in a mood to flog him. At the first blow Dan-i-el struck out with his fist and sent the man to the ground. This set the boy in a roar of glee.

"Do you think I'll let a man who drinks such stuff as you do on the sly strike me?" said Dan-i-el,

as he ran out of the place ere the man could rise to his feet, half tight, and ill as he was with the dose young Boone had put in the flask.

Dan's pa and ma had to scold him, of course, but the teach-er had to leave the place when folks found out what kind of a man he was. So this was



DAN-I-EL BOONE'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

the last of Dan-i-el's school-days. The Boones soon left Penn-syl-va-ni-a, and made their home in North Car-o-li-na.

Here Dan made his name known when a youth of eigh-teen by the bold way he stood in the face of a herd of buf-fa-loes. They would have been the

death of him and the men with him had not his brave heart and quick wit come to their aid.

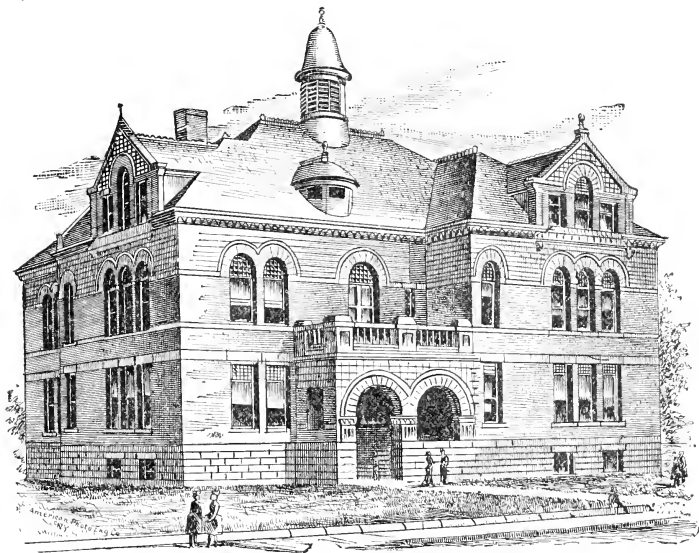
Buf-fa-loes have a strange sense of what we may call care, for the cows and calves, and the old and



WASH-ING-TON U-NI-VER-SI-TY, ST. LOU-IS.

weak of their kind. They go from place to place in great herds; they do not walk, but *push* right on, as if some one drove them at such speed. The cows

and their young are put in front, while the strong male buf-fa-locs form a guard on each side and at the back, so that they can help the weak ones push on till they come to the point they have in view. They rush o'er plain and rock, swim streams, and



IRVING SCHOOL, KAN-SAS CI-TY.

wade creeks in one mass or crowd, in which there is no break nor turn.

It was a drove like this that came on Daniel and some friends one day ere they could get out of the way, for the herd was so large that it spread

out a mile wide. What could they do but stand and let the brutes crush them to earth? Boone's friends cried out with fright, but Dan said, calm, firm, and bold, "Don't be fools, boys, I'll get you out of this scrape all right."

The herd was but thir-ty yards from them by this time. Cool, with the faith in his aim, Dan-i-el saw to the flint and prime of his gun. On the drove came, with a sound like an earth-quake, and the air thick with a cloud of dust they brought with them made by the tramp, tramp, and rush of feet. Must those young men go down with this blind rush, for what can turn this vast live mass from its way?

Boone lifts his gun; a shot rings out; the smoke is lost in the dust that now is on them. A large bison in the lead falls right in front of them. The herd part, so that they will not tramp on their mate who is laid low, and so they rush on. Dan-i-el and his friends stand by the dead buf-fa-lo till the last one in the race is past.

The men are safe, but they did not soon cease to think of this close call death had made on them.

The fame of such pluck and nerve spread far and wide, so that when folks were in need of a bold man to lead them on some trip, they came to Boone.

When the Boones had been in North Car-o-li-na some time, Dan fell in love with Miss Re-becc-a

Bry-an and the two soon set up house as man and wife. Nine boys and girls were born to them in time. One of these boys, Dan-i-el M. Boone, was the first A-mer-i-can to make his home in Mis-sou-ri.

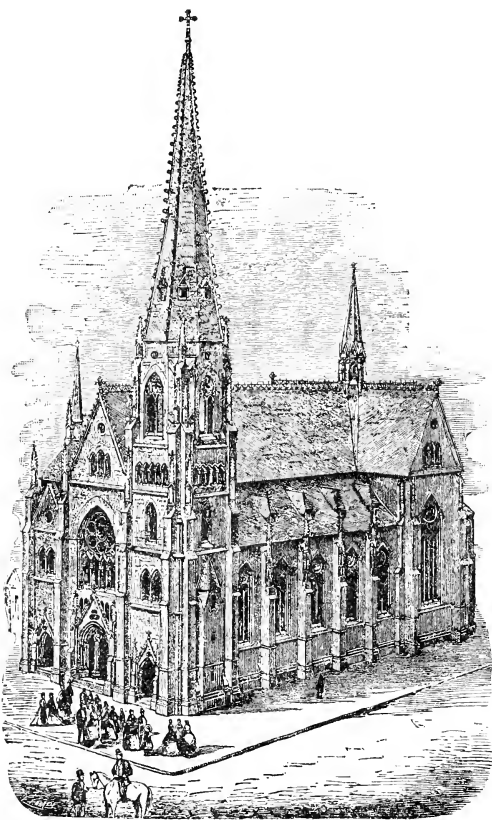
He wrote such good things of it to his father, that Mr. Boone had made up his mind to bring his wife to make his home there when the Span-ish Gov-ern-or at St. Louis sent for him and told him he would give him a large grant of land if he would come here and clear the way for white folks to build up towns in the wilds of Mis-sou-ri as he had done in Ken-tuck-y.

Boone had spent years of his life in Ken-tuck-y. He went where no white man had been, to lay out lands for those who did not dare to claim what was their own till Boone had led the way.

Once on a trip of this kind he and his men were caught by a tribe of fierce In-dians. They put all the men but Boone to death. They had heard of him as one who knew not what fear was, and they thought they would keep such a brave man and make him their friend. They knew how sure his aim was with a gun, and they said a man like that was of great use to the tribe. Boone did not like it, but he was too cute to let them see how he felt.

The Shaw-nee chief Black-fish had just lost his

son, and he told Boone that he should be his son in place of the one he had lost.



ST. PETER AND PAUL'S CHURCH, ST. LOUIS.

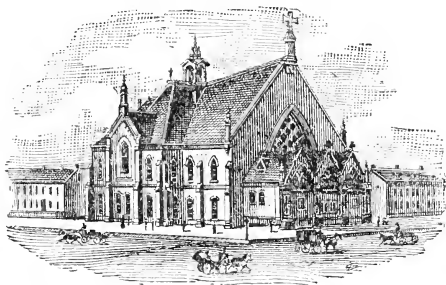
Boone made him think he was quite proud of his new kin. The chief and his squaw made the whole tribe treat him like the son of a great war-rrior, and Boone would have had a fine time could he have torn from his heart all thoughts of his dear wife and home. But he made up his mind to give his red pa and ma the slip at the first chance. It was two long years ere the chance came, for the In-dians kept a close watch on him.

One night he heard that the Shaw-nees had

made a plan to join some of the tribes in a war on the whites in his old home. He must risk all and go from here and warn them of their peril.

The next day he told the old chief that he had heard of some fine game so far from the camp that it would take him all day to go there and back, but that he and his "ma" might look for some choice bit for their meal that night.

The chief told him he could go. This gave Boone just so much time to get clear ere the In-dians would think he had run off. What speed he made when it was safe for him to race for his life and that of his folks! And with what joy his wife and friends must have met him whom they thought long since dead!



ST. MARK'S ENG-LISH LU-THER-AN CHURCH, ST. LOU-IS.

It was years ere he saw some of the Reds of that tribe once more, for they did not make war on the whites just then; they knew, when they found out that Boone had got clear, that he would put them on their guard, and they would get the worst of it.

One day in the last year Boone spent in Ken-

tuck-y, he was at work in his barn where tiers of tobacco hung in rows to dry. He stood high up on one of the poles to take down the crisp leaves of the weed that hung on the pole o'er his head, when a gruff voice at the door rang out with the words :

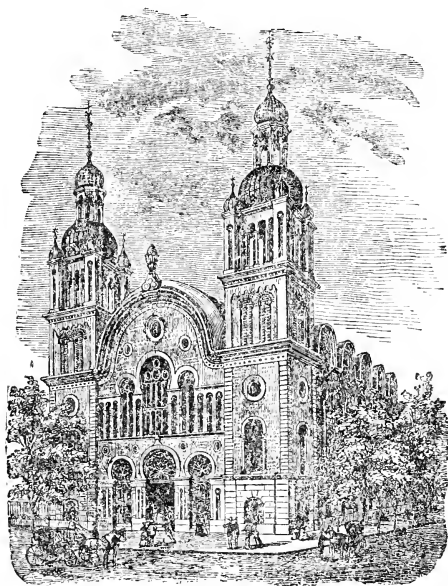
“Ugh! Me know you, Boone!”

One glance, and Dan-i-el saw that the words came from the lips of one of two big Indians of the Shawnee tribe, and that they knew him.

They came and stood where he could look right down at them, and said : “Now, Boone, we got you. You no git way no more. We take you to Chil-li-cothe and keep you this time.

You no cheat us more. Damn!”

Boone did not show the least fear; he gave them good words, and spoke as if he was more than glad to see them. “Just wait a bit, I’ll be down in no



HE-BREW TEM-PLE OF THE GATES OF TRUTH.

time," said he; then, quick as a flash, threw an armful of to-bac-co at them, and ere they knew what he was up to, he sprang down on them with more of the weed all in a crush, the dust of which got in their eyes and noses and mouths, and made them sneeze and swear at a great rate.

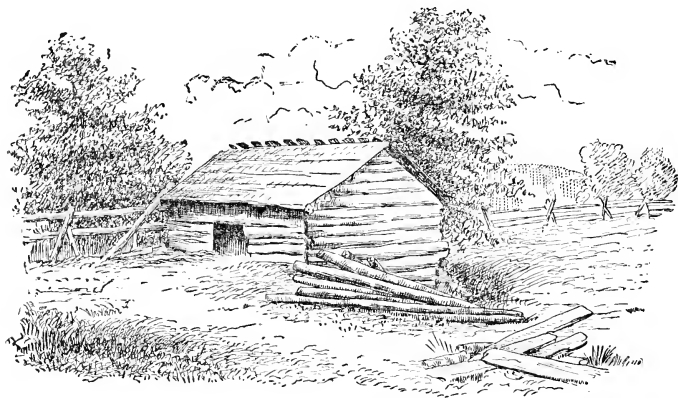
When they got the to-bac-co out of their eyes, Boone was gone. The next year, 1792, Ken-tuck-y came in the Un-ion as a State, and Boone lost most of the land he had the claim to by the fraud of men who came to buy and sell to new folks. Boone did not know that there were rogues in the world who did not take his word for a deed, and as he had not been shrewd to keep sworn proofs that he had a right to his claim, these men took the land from him. Sore at heart, he left the State for which he had done so much, and went to Vir-gin-ia.

From there he came to Mis-sou-ri in 1795, where he once more set to work, as in the old Ken-tuck-y days, to clear a path through wild woods for those of his own race. Tru-deau, the Span-ish gov-ern-or, kept his word and gave the brave pi-o-neer a large tract of land—1000 ar-pents—in the Fem-me O-sage Dis-trib-ut, and 10,000 ar-pents (acres) more, if he brought 100 fam-i-lies to build up the land here.

When the U-nit-ed States bought Lou-i-si-a-na, Boone had no proof to show that all this land was

his, and had not Congress made good his claim to the first 1,000 arpents, Boone would have once more lost home and land.

When Dan-i-el Boone came to Mis-sou-ri his son Dan-i-el M. had built him a cab-in on the land Tru-deau gave him, and he at once went to work to pay some debts he had left in Ken-tuck-y. He did



DAN-I-EL BOONE'S LOG CAB-IN.

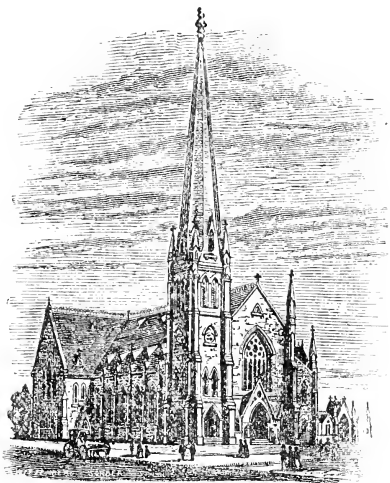
not spend one cent for his own needs till this was done. With his gun he brought down the game, then he had to dress the skins so that they would sell well, then, when he had a good pile of cash, he went back to Ken-tuck-y to pay all those who said he was in their debt. They had naught to show that such was the case, but Boone paid up as

long as his cash held out, for he was so just in his own way with men that he could not think men were not fair with him. When he had no more to give, he set out for home.

When he got back folks came from far and near to see him and hear what news he had to bring from friends and kin they had left in Vir-gin-ia and Ken-tuck-y, for folks did not go back and forth much ere the days of rail-roads and steam.

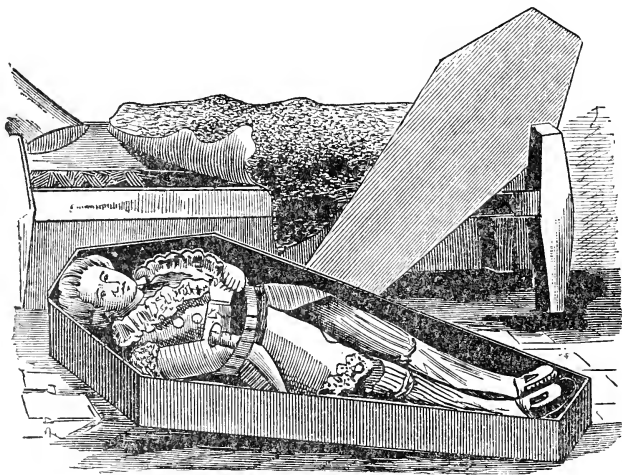
“Now,” said Boone to them, “I can die in peace. I have paid my debts and no man can say ‘Boone is a cheat!’”

Boone on one of his trips in the wilds of Mis-sou-ri found the Salt Springs. Salt was so scarce and dear here that folks did not use as much as they would like to. What there was in use had to be brought from Ken-tuck-y in sacks on horse-back, or by keel-boat or barge from New Or-le-ans. You may know, then, what a rich find this Salt Spring was.



SEC-OND BAP-TIST CHURCH, ST. LOU-IS.

In 1807 Boone with his two sons Dan-i-el and Na-than, and two men by the name of Bald-ridge and Man-ly, went to How-ard Coun-ty, where the springs were, and made salt, which they sent to the towns in troughs made of logs. These were then sent down stream like a string of floats or rafts.

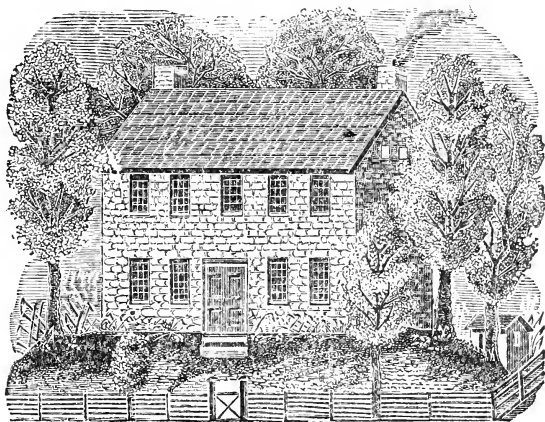


DAN-I-EL BOONE TRIES ON HIS COF-FIN.

The first town so far from the posts of trade rose near these springs, and was known as Boone's Lick, and the road through the wilds got the name of Boone's-lick Road, the first clear track through the State.

Boone lost his wife in March, 1813, and from that time life lost its charm for him, and he gave his thoughts to the time when he too must die. Brave in life, he felt no fear of death. He had his coffin made, and put it by the side of his bed. At times he would lie down in it, to see that it fit his form well.

He had at all times a free hand and a kind heart.



HOUSE WHERE BOONE DIED.

One day a strange man, who had no friends in the place and no means, took sick and died. Boone stood by him, and, as a crown to his good deeds, gave him his own coffin.

Then he had a new one made, which he kept 'neath his bed till friends laid his form in it, on the

26th of Sep-tem-ber, 1820, when the brave, true soul had fled. He died in the room on the first floor to the right of the hall in the house you see in the sketch on page 71. It was the home of his son Na-than. It is the first house built of stone in Mis-sou-ri.

They laid him by the side of his wife in a spot of his own choice, where their forms were left to rest for twen-ty-five years.

In 1845 Mr. Gris-wold had the land on which the graves were. You may know he felt that our State ought to be proud to keep them in the best of care, and raise a mon-u-ment to the name of Boone.

But it was not to be. Ken-tuck-y folks thought they had the first claim—I don't think so, do you? When they gave him but poor thanks in life for what he had done for the land, and then took from him the last cent made by the toil of long years in the wilds of Mis-sou-ri! Still it was not the same folks who were so mean in the old time who came in 1845 to take up these bones and bear them to Ken-tuck-y.

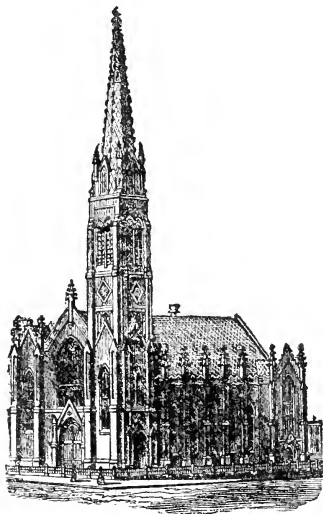
For this they did. The Hon. John J. Crit-tenden, Wil-liam Boone, and Mr. Swag-gat came on a steam-boat, the Dan-i-el Boone, and had the re-mains of Boone and his wife borne to a new ground laid out for the dead at Frank-fort. Folks came

from all parts of the land to see what was left of the brave old pi-o-neer laid to rest in the soil of their own State.

Mr. Jo-seph B. Wells, of Mis-sou-ri, was there to tell of the good Boone had done for our State. It is said the graves on the hill near Teu-que were left just like some rude clefts in the ground ; that no one took pains to fill the holes or mark the spot where Boone had lain.* Mr. Gris-wold found one of the small bones that fell from Boone's cof-fin, which broke when the black men who did the work went to take it up.

I think that bone ought to be put in a grave on Teu-que Hill, and the bright boys and girls of the State should raise a fund to mark the spot with a mon-u-ment of Mis-sou-ri gran-ite.

Colo-nel Wil-liam F. Switz-ler has in his home a



FIRST PRES-BY-TE-RI-AN CHURCH,
ST. LOU-IS.

* I am in-debt-ed to "Pi-o-neer Fam-i-lies of Mis-sou-ri" for the in-ter-est-ing i-tem here given as well as for oth-er valu-a-ble mat-ter for this work.—E. R. S. McN.

pa-per of the date of Oc-to-ber, 1820. In it is the no-tice of Dan-i-el Boone's death on Sep-tem-ber 26, 1820, at the age of nine-ty years. If this was his right age, then Boone must have been born in 1730.

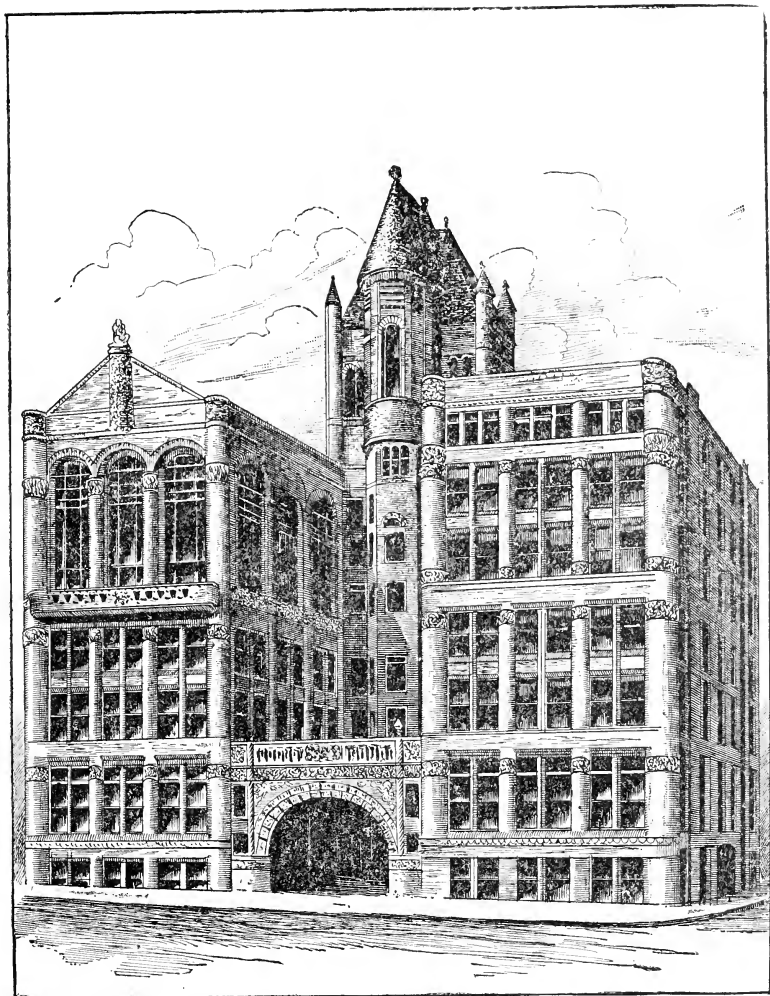
CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST AMERICAN SETTLERS.

WHAT a rude, hard life those first A-mer-i-cans had of it out in the woods and wilds of the State! When the first ground had been brok-en by the Boones, it was not long ere folks came from the Car-o-li-nas, Ken-tuck-y, Vir-gin-ia, Mary-land, and Penn-syl-va-ni-a. They brought with them no more than just such things as the chief needs of the place would call for, and some had one or more black folks who came with them from the old home.

There were no locks on doors then, and those who had a roof o'er their heads made room for the wives and babes of the new men till these had some sort of a place of their own.

How the axe and brawn went at the task! To fell trees and clear a small farm space, and use those



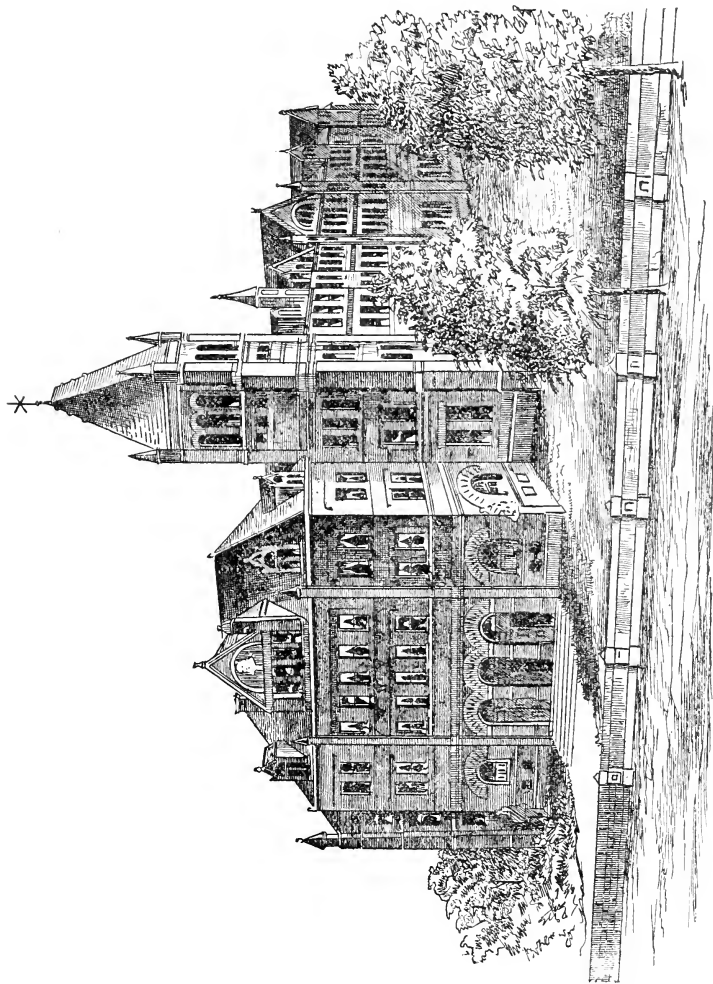
BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, KAN-SAS CI-TY.

trees for logs with which to build house and barn for the stock, cows, horse, or ox-team. When the clothes they had brought with them gave out, new were made of deer-skins for the men and boys. The wives and girls wore coarse cloth for their gowns; the same had to serve for best shirts for the men, to be worn on great state times, such as a wed-ding feast. The bed-clothes were made of nice warm bear-skins for cold months. The small folks slept in cribs made of hewn-out logs.

They had lots of good fresh game for meat. The woods were full of hon-ey bees, so there were sweets for all. Things were kept cool and fit to use in a small place built by the side of a spring or creek near the home roof.

Grass was so rich that most of the months of a year the stock did not have to be fed, but were left to graze, when not in use, in the free fields. Stock did not get lost or run wild, for the boys of the house would feed them salt, and in this way taught them to come at their call by the sound of the voice of those who fed them what they were as fond of as small folks are of a stick of sweets.

One time a boy went to the woods to feed salt to the stock. He had no one to play with him and pass the time, so he thought he would have some fun with the cows. He stood right still a while,



NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, ST. LOUIS.

then gave a cry like the bleat of a young calf. He thought the cows would "moo" back and make him laugh. They did "moo" loud and long. With their heads down low, and horns stuck out, they made for him with a rush.

He did not stop to have a bit of fun, but got up a tree with the speed of a hare, where he had to stay till the mad herd left in search of their night's meal. The same boy and his chums are said to have laid a plan to scare a flock of sheep. They had to drive them through a pair of bars of a rail fence. The boys would crouch down by the bars, and as the sheep sprang through, jump up and hiss, and scare the sheep till they ran wild.

The trick did not work well once ; the boy sprang up all right, but ere he could make a sound the first lot of sheep got past and he fell on his face, while the whole flock made him a step to clear the bars. When his poor sore form got well, he gave up all sheep sport, and thought him of some means of play that did not hurt quite as much.

I think it was this same lad who was out in his father's farm one day with some chums. A small black boy was with them, and he paid great heed to what the white boys had to say ; for they spoke of a man who had been hung some miles from the farm for a great wrong he had done.

At last the lit-tle "nig" said: "Say, boys, you tink it hurt much when de rope was done put round he neck?"

The boys could not tell, but they said they would give him a chance to find out if the "nig" had a mind to let them try the rope on him.

The black boy thought it would be fine fun, so the boys took the rope from a plow; one end was thrown o'er the limb of a tree, and one end made in a noose and put round the black boy's neck.

"Now, when you want us to let you down, just give a whis-tle," said they to him as they drew him up with all their might.

Of course the boy could not make a sound; and if the fa-ther of the white boy had not come to the scene in time to save his slave's life—and thrash his son too—the black boy could not have told how it felt to be hung, for he was so near dead when they took him down that they had a hard time to bring breath back to his limp form.

He told the boys there was not much sport in the game for the one who had his head in the noose.

Boys did not have books and games and lots of nice things to pass their time with as you small folks have in these days. They had to work in the fields and help shear sheep, milk cows, and chop wood.

The girls had to pick cot-ton, card, spin, weave, and aid their ma with the house-work.

The “cof-fee” drank by folks out there was made of burnt rye. Tea was not to be had but such as was made of herbs and bark. Cups were made of wood, like most of the ware in use. Gourds and horns took the place of glass.



A PI-O-NEER FAM-I-LY.

The strong drink in use was made of sweet grain, and in each house could be found a still. When a friend came to see them, some of this home-made stuff was set out and the good cheer of a guest drank with him in such words as : “Here, take a horn with me !”

Of small folks there were lots. It is said in some of these log homes there were from ten to twenty boys and girls. Six and eight were thought a small crowd for pa and ma to own.

Boys had to wear frocks like girls till they were so big that they could hunt with the men, shoot their own game, dress the skin of the buck, and make their own pants. In this way ma and pa could see the kind of stuff the boy was made of. A lad with the right kind of pluck would not be seen in a girl's gown long. He was taught the use of the gun when quite young. Girls could hunt as well as boys then.

The way but-ter was made was, to say the least of it, right cute when the men had a hand in the work. It is said they would put the milk in a gourd, sling it to the side of a mule or horse, jump on the beast's back, and whip him up and make him trot, and so churn the milk till the but-ter came.

The wives and girls made use of a jug or gourd which they shook till the rich cream came to the top in sweet flakes of but-ter. To own a real churn was rare good luck.

CHAPTER VII.

BISHOP MARVIN.

THE crude sketch of folks on their way to church in the year 1820 will make you smile, I think. But such was the style of dress in the wilds of our State as late as the date I have said.

At that time some Meth-o-dist preach-ers made a tour of the State once in a great while. Then folks came from far and near and held a camp-meeting in the woods. There was no sign of a church out there then, so folks were glad to leave all and join in the songs of praise that rang out loud and strong from the hearts of those who had but this rare chance to hear the word of God taught.

The men took their guns, the wives held to their breasts the babe of the house, the boys and girls took with them pet bears and dogs to make sport for them on the way. At times the camp was as much as ten, twen-ty, or thir-ty miles from their homes.

Those who had real leath-er boots—for at this time some of the folks took pains to dress skins and

make leather for foot-wear—did not put them on, but held them in their hands till they got most to the end of the trip. Then a halt was made at some spring or creek to wash the feet, and the hose and boots were put on.

The best clothes were worn too; at such times



ON THE WAY TO CHURCH IN 1820.

the buck-skin suit gave place to one of rough home-spun jeans. The wife wore a skirt that did not trail. Her waist was a short sack. Her hat was made of chintz, with wood slats to keep it in shape, and a frill to hang down o'er the neck. The boys and girls wore nice cool slips and no hats at all.

Some queer tales are told of some of the preachers who first made their homes in the State. A Rev. Mr. John Ham was of the Meth-o-dist faith. He went through the In-dian war in Mis-sou-ri with Na-than Boone. When he did not preach he spent his time in the wild woods with his gun to hunt the most fierce of game. He had a wife and two wee tots. While they were quite young his wife died. He had no one to care for the babes here, so he thought he would take them to his kin in Ken-tuck-y. He put one child in front of him and one at the back on the horse with which he rode all the way to that place. When he came to a deep stream, he swam it with one child first, and then went back for the one he had tied to some safe place in a tree, just as he had tied the one he had to leave, to bring this one. Then he swam o'er once more with his horse and traps, and set on his way with good cheer and trust in his Lord to see him and his babes safe to the end. And the dear Lord who takes care of the small and weak, as well as the big and strong, did care for them till safe with kin and friends. Then Mr. Ham came back, and in time set up house once more with a wife to care for him and his.

In 1823 his smoke-house and stores of meat were swept down the stream, near which he had his home, by a great flood. When he saw it move he

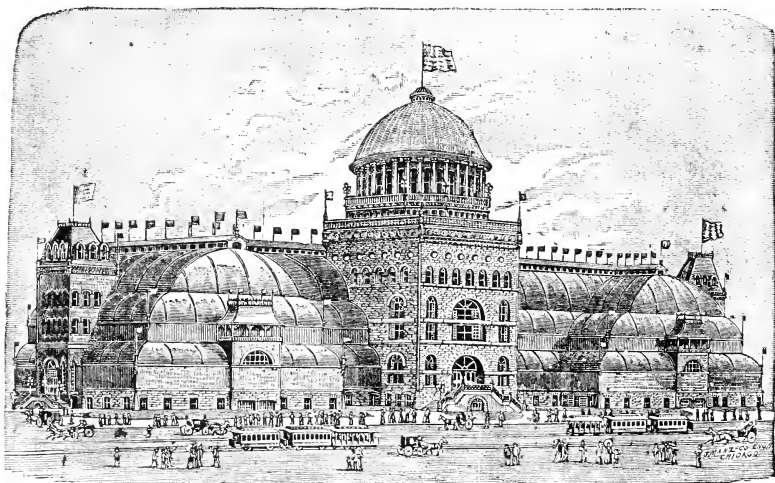
ran for a deep trough in which soap was made, ran to the stream with it, got in, and set an oar to work to bring him in the wake of his smoke-house. It struck a big tree and gave Mr. Ham a chance to take out his fine lot of bear and deer meat, which he hung on the limbs of the tree, where it was safe till the water went down. Then Mr. Ham went back to dry land in his soap-trough.

Mr. Ham had a brother who was just as odd in his way. He got to be a Baptist preacher, and would go from place to place to preach with gun on his arm in trim for a shot at all times. He was a big, strong man, and would preach as strong as his voice would let him, and pound the Good Book so hard that folks had no chance to snooze though he might preach for hours.

One time he lost his sermon. When he rose to preach he said: "When I left home I had a text, but I lost it. I have sought for it, my wife Hannah has sought for it, but we can't find it. I know it's somewhere in the hind end of Job, and it reads like this: 'Do a-ny of you know Ma-ry or the old dame they call Sal of Tar-kus, who said don't put new wine in old flasks or it'll bust and the good stuff all run out.'" Who could blame the young folks if they did laugh in "meet-ing" when such texts made the theme of a sermon.

Bis-hop Mar-vin was born in Mis-sou-ri in a log house in War-ren Coun-ty. There are some scenes in his young life that I must tell you of here.

When Mr. Mar-vin was a babe his ma taught school in a wee bit of a house built in the yard of their farm, and her boys had a chance to learn more



EX-PO-SI-TION BUILD-ING, KAN-SAS CI-TY.

than fell to the lot of most young folk of the time in our State.

While quite a boy he had the gift of tongue, and could make a speech that set his boy friends wild with glee and pride in him. When he was six-teen

years of age he and a boy friend of his own years "ran" for a place as con-sta-ble.

Each boy sought to gain the most votes, of course, so they spoke to their friends in the "hall" of the town. One said he would do all that man could do to gain their good-will in the "of-fice." He would let no bad folks run free, and make all those who were in debt pay to the last cent; in truth, he knew he was just the right "man" for the place, and Mar-vin would not suit them half as well.

The folks thought this was fair, and set up a great cheer as the youth sat down, his face all smiles, as much as to say, "Now beat me if you can, Mar-vin!"

Then Mar-vin rose. He was tall and thin, his long hair fell o'er his brow, and his face had a quaint, sad look as if hope had fled down to his shoes. With a slow drawl he went o'er the speech his friend had made, and put in a word or two for his own cause; then he flung back his hair, and, with a droll glance at the men in front of him, said:

"My friends, I'll do all that my 'op-po-nent' said he would do; aye, I'll do still more—I'll make folks pay you all they owe, and if they do not, I will run my hand in my own purse and pay the debt for them!"

Such a shout of mirth as rent the air at this last part of the speech, for all knew that Mar-vin's purse

was as lank as his own thin form, with not a cent to his name; but they were so proud of his keen wit and the quaint way he put his friend down, that they gave him their votes with one voice. He was but nine-teen when he had a call to preach.

Folks did not care much for style out in Beth-le-hem, Mis-sou-ri, at that time, still the suit worn by young Mar-vin must have made some of them stare, though the brave soul gave it not a thought. His pants were of home-spun, home cut and made, cotton, that once had been blue, but the wear and tear of time, and a fond, clean moth-er's use of soap and wa-ter had done its full work on the bright tint of the dye. That it was bright could be seen by the patch of new stuff set on each knee.

His ser-mon and the way he laid down his views on the text did not scare those who heard him, and one of the men said to a friend, when church was out,

"I think that young man would do well to go back and stick to his farm."

"Well, now, who knows, he may be a Bish-op yet," said John B. Allen.

Mar-vin had come a long way from home, to preach here, so he thought some one would ask him to dine. But folks went on their way and left the some-day-to-be-Bish-op to find his own meat.

He had done the Lord's work for them and he did not mean to starve. When one of the last men left the church, Mar-vin rode up to



KAN-SAS CI-TY CLUB-HOUSE.

him and said: "Broth-er, do you live far from here?"

Mr. War-ren Walk-er was the "broth-er;" he told him where his home was.

"Well," said young Mar-vin, "I shall join you at your noon meal if I may."

"Why of course," said Mr. War-ren. "I thought you were to go home with some of the rest."

When next he came to Beth-le-hem to preach there was such a rush at him for the first chance to get the "Bish-op" to dine, that he did not know who to say "yes" to. But then who could have read "Bish-op" on the knee-patch of a young man's pants?

Some queer tales are told of those men of the Meth-o-dist or Bap-tist faith, and most all the first folks to build up homes in the wilds of the State were Meth-o-dist or Bap-tist.

Once the Mr. Ham I have told you of held "church" in a house where a strange man was guest. He was no doubt of a faith not like Mr. Ham's. He was from Vir-gin-ia, and wore a suit of fine broad cloth that, in the eyes of these good folks in the woods here, was quite a high style dress. Mr. Ham had sharp eyes and a keen tongue. When the folks knelt to pray this strange man just bent his head low; but what must he have felt when the man of God with a clear voice said, "And O Lord, bless thou too that man from Vir-gin-ny with the store clothes on, who is too proud to git down on his knees with us who am, as thou know-est, Lord, bent low with sin."

A young man who had just come to the wilds to preach took for his text, "My sheep will know my voice." "Now, breth-ring," said he, "this makes me think of a small goat by the name of Cato my dad had in North Car-li-ny ah, that did not come home one day ah, and the storm and wind and rain came up ah at a big rate ah, and we boys went out to call Ca-to the goat ah, and no Ca-to came to we boys ah. But dad, he just put out his head ah, and call one time ah, and poor Ca-to said baa, ah. So you see Cato knew dad's voice ah, and when he call him he come at once !

"Just so will it be on that great Last Day ah. The Mas-ter will call His sheep and a heap of them will come ah, some that did not have a call who will have on wolf skins ah, and try to pass for sheep ah, but the Shep-herd will know which of them wears the wool—and dad calls Ca-to, and Ca-to he says baa ah.

"Now when some of my sheep get to heav-en 'fore I get there, let them look out for me ah, for I see some of my sheep have gone to sleep ah, and you, Broth-er Lo-gan, just say to that man at the door not to talk so loud ah, or he will wake up old Sis-ter Cobb from her doze near by him. And my sheep will know my voice, and when I call ah they will come, but they will not come to the call of a strange

voice ah. Dad calls Ca-to ah, and Ca-to he says baa ah."

Do you think you would go to sleep if you heard some one preach in that style? I am right sure I would not, and I think old "Sis-ter Cobb" had bad taste.

It is said that when the folks in Dan-ville, Mont-gom-ery Coun-ty, were at a great strait as to how they should put up a bell they had bought for their first church, some said it should be hung on a frame on top, but the pas-tor, Dr. Bond, said that would not do, as the walls of the church were not built to bear the strain. Then some one told them to plant a tree with a fork-like crotch and hang the bell in that—he meant to build a frame in that shape in front of the church for the bell, but the man who said the bell should go on top of the house did not catch the sense of it. He sprang to his feet and in a rage said to the folks who thought well of that plan:

"Why do you let a fool like that talk to you? Are we to plant a "forked tree" and wait till it grows of a size to hold a bell that weighs five hundred pounds?"

When he saw the folks all smile at him, he knew who the "fool" was.

CHAPTER VIII.

HUMOROUS STORIES.

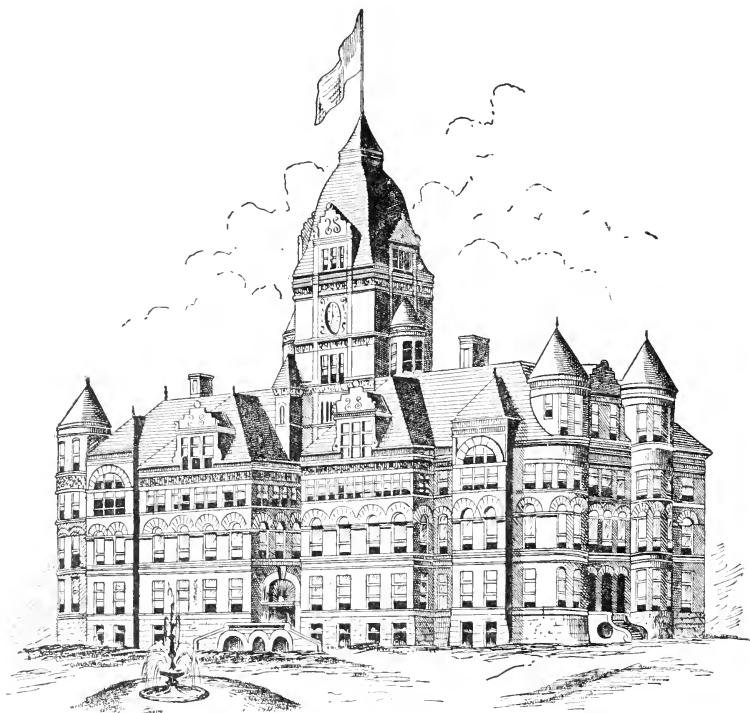
THE first pi-an-o that gave out sweet notes to ears of Mis-sou-ri-ans was in the home of Dr. Young in St. Charles. Mrs. Young knew how to play and sing so well that folks came from far and near to hear her, and see that "thing" by the name of pi-an-o.

When Mis-sou-ri had been made a State the first leg-is-la-ture was held in St. Charles. The Hon-or-a-ble Ja-cob Groom was a mem-ber of it. He had heard of this pi-an-o, but did not know what sort of "thing" it might be like; he had heard, though, that it was a large piece of fur-ni-ture, and he had a great wish to see it.

Mrs. Young had brought some nice things with her when she came to make her home in St. Charles. One of these was a big, high post bed, with fine drapes on all sides. The folks had not had a chance to see such things till this time.

One day Mr. Groom and some of his friends

were bid to tea at Dr. Young's house. A maid bade them leave coats and hats in the room where



NEW COURT-HOUSE, KAN-SAS CI-TY.

this great bed stood. Groom at once made up his mind that this "thing" was the pi-an-o.

He went up to it quite shy and felt of the curtains, with a wish in his heart that Mrs. Young

would make haste to join them and show her skill on this big pi-an-o.

She soon came and said some words to her guests in a well-bred way. But Mr. Groom could not keep his eyes off that "thing" with the cur-tains, and burst out with: "Oh, Mrs. Young, I have heard so much of the fine way you play and sing, and I'm so fond of mu-sic, I do so much wish to see you play on that there thing."

Such a laugh as the folks had on poor Mr. Groom! And how cheap he felt when he was told that the "thing" was not the *pi-an-o*, but a bed.

A right cute joke is told of a small black boy by the name of Skilt. He was one of the slaves of Mr. Tate, of Cal-la-way Coun-ty, in the days long past.

One day Skilt was at play in the yard near his ma's cab-in and saw two great big wild tur-keys swoop down by the corn-crib of the farm fowls and feast on the feed there as if they had a right to it.

Skilt kept his eyes on them for a while, then a bright thought struck him; he would catch one of those nice fat gob-blers for his ma. His mouth got moist at the prime roast he would have for the night's meal, so he got down on "all fours" and crept sly as a mouse 'neath the corn-crib, which stood on short posts to keep the floor dry. With a quick grab he got hold of two legs, but the legs were

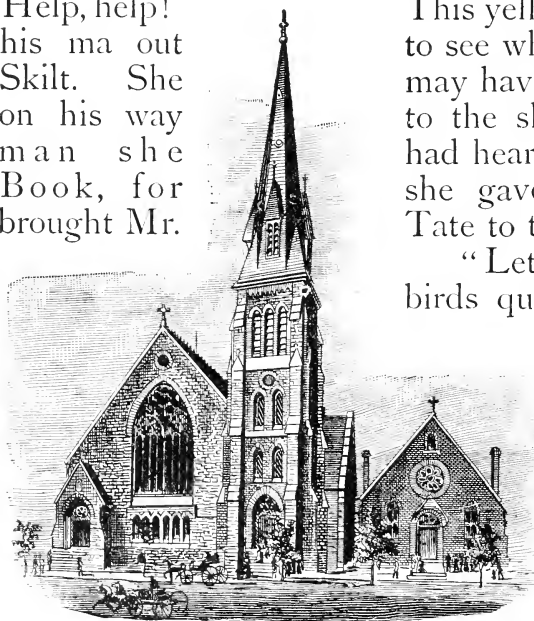
not mates, and ere Skilt knew what had come to him, he was high up in the air with a leg of a turkey held fast in each hand.

“Ma, oh ma! De birds gwine cart me off! Help, help!” his ma out Skilt. She on his way man she Book, for brought Mr.

This yell of fright brought to see what had hurt her may have thought he was to the sky like the good had heard of in the Good she gave a scream that Tate to the scene.

“Let go one of the birds quick!” said he in loud tones.

Skilt did so, and his weight brought tur-key No. 2 to the ground, bird and boy quite safe; but Skilt had no wish to trap wild tur-



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, ST. LOU-*IS*.

keys by hand from that time on.

They say there was in the same coun-ty a man so tall that when he went in the woods for a day's hunt he hung the bag in which he kept his game in

the tops of the trees. When the time came for him to stack his oats and hay he would have to sit on the ground so that he could reach the top of the stack, for it gave him a pain in his spine to bend so low.

I think they must have known how to tell big fibs out in that place, do not you think so too?

They had a man in the coun-ty who did such odd things that folks had to smile when they but heard his name ; so of cause he was the butt of all their jokes. He and some men were in the woods one day in search of game when they found two young bears. James Rip-per, the odd man, said he would like to have them for pets. His friends told him he could keep them if he would cart them home on his back.

To be sure he would ; that was no great feat. A fool could do that ! said he, as he made the cubs fast with a rope, and slung them on his back and set off for home.

He had not gone far when he felt a strange smart or sting on both sides of his head, and lo ! he found a cub at work on each ear, bent to chew off as much of it as they could in a short time. He flung the bears on the ground in a big rage and beat them to death.

When his friends bade him tell them why he did

not bring his pets home, he just gave a growl, but they knew, all the same, what made his ears so sore, for of course they had kept track of him and the cubs on the sly, to see what fun would come out of the trip home.

Some well-known folks by the name of Darst came to Mis-sou-ri and built up the land so well that some parts of it is known by their name. They were men of thrift and did not fear to toil, and so they got to be rich and had fine farms and corn-cribs for grain and feed. These had no locks on them till Mr. Darst found that some sneak-thief came at night and stole his corn. He bore it a long time. At last he put a lock on his crib; this gave cause for great talk in the place. To lock up one's house or stores was as much as to say that some of the folks were thieves.

A man by the name of Smith made his tongue wag loud and long. He was one of those queer souls, such as we find in our midst all o'er the world. They do not care to work, and do not think it worth while to lay by a "nest-egg" for a time when they might be ill, or out of work, as folks of thrift and pride do who would not stoop to take alms, much less help out their means of life by theft. Smith was one of those who live from hand to mouth, and look with eyes of greed on those who,

by their own toil and plans for the day that is to come, have more than the needs of the hour. He thought Darst had more than his share, so he went from place to place to scold and call him "mean" and "close" when the corn-crib got a lock on it.

Now Mr. Darst heard these things and had his own views, in which Smith had a part. The crib had its lock, but still the corn-store got less and less. On two sides of the crib there were cracks through which a man's hand could be thrust with ease.

Mr. Darst sent for Smith one day and said to him: "Smith, some rogue has been at my corn-crib. I want you to show me how to set a steel trap so I can catch the thief. Most of the theft was done by this crack here, so you just fix the trap on this side, and we'll catch our man by dawn of day."

Smith set the trap as he was told, while his sides just shook with the mirth he did not dare show till Mr. Darst went in the house; then, with a loud laugh, he said: "The old fool! I'll just show him that his locks and his traps won't save his corn."

As soon as Smith was gone Mr. Darst went back to his crib, and with a gleam of fun in his eyes made a change in the place of the trap.

The next day as soon as the sun rose Mr. Darst took a walk out to his corn-crib, and saw a pale, sore, sick man by the name of Smith with his head

bent low by the side of the crack where the trap had *not* been put by Smith.

“Why good day, my friend! Have you come to see who made love to my corn-crib last night? Come up to the house, won’t you, and break your fast with us.”

“I can’t. I—I—I’ve got my hand caught in this —— trap you set so sly for me!”

“Ho, ho! so you are the thief! I thought so! Now, Smith, what shall I do with you?”

“Oh, Mr. Darst! Please, Mr. Darst, give me thir-ty-nine stripes on my bare back and set my hand free; but don’t tell on me for the Lord’s sake, and I’ll give you my word to steal no more.”

Mr. Darst gave him a hot coat of stripes and let him go. But folks found out that he was a thief, and he had to leave the State. So you see they knew how to get clear of bad men ere the time of jail or judge.



NEW ODD-FEL-LOW'S HALL, ST. LOU-IS.

When more folks came and spread o'er the land, of course more men of a bad class came up in their midst. They spread bad money, would cheat, were horse-thieves, and did all they could to make life hard for the good folks. When honest men could bear it no more, they got up a band to make war on the rogues.

It is known as the "Slick-er War." It got the name in this way: When the band was first made up they gave the rogues a word to warn them of the fate in store for them if they were caught at their "trade!" "If we catch you we will 'slick' you down till we tan your bad hide," or words like that.

To "slick" meant to whip or pound. In all parts of the State slick-er bands grew up, and the man who made and spread bad coin, or was a horse-thief, would be caught, bound to a tree, and the "Slick-ers" would whip him and then see that he left the place.

CHAPTER IX.

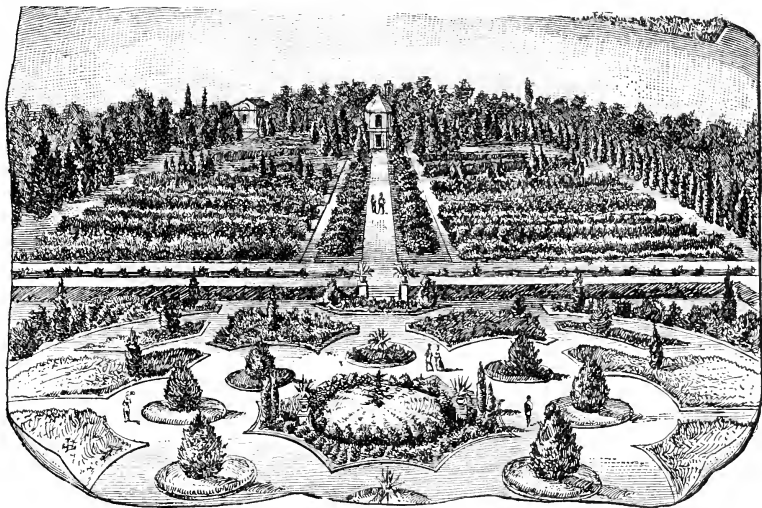
OLD SUPERSTITIONS.

ONE of the men whose fame for queer ways comes down to our time was Gen-er-al Bur-dine, of St. Charles Coun-ty. He was one of the best shots with his old flint gun in the whole land. Bear, deer, wolves, and more fierce game fell at the first fire. His life was spent in the woods. He knew all the trees well, and gave some of them names that his sons knew quite as well, so that when he came home from a fine day's hunt he said to them, "Go fetch the deer or bear I left at such and such a tree," to which he gave the name; then they knew just where to go for the game which he had slain and hung on a limb till he could send for it.

There were folks in all parts of our land who thought some ill thing by the name of witch could do them harm. Bur-dine was one of those folks. He had a mark put on all his stock with the red-hot shoe of a horse. This he thought would keep them free from "witch" harm. Some of us still

cling to such an odd faith, though we scorn to look the fact in the face when we hang the shoe of a horse o'er our doors and say we do it just for fun. We hope it will bring us "luck" all the same.

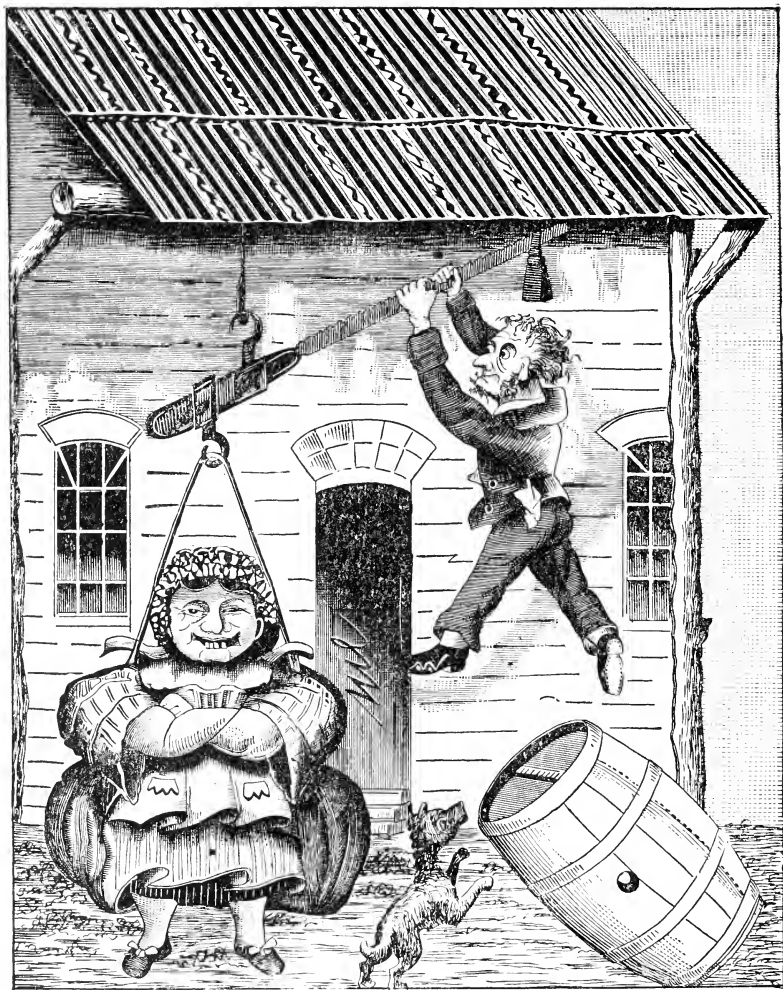
The Bur-dines had great flocks of geese. One day Mr. B. found some of them dead. "There,"



TER-RACE. SHAW'S GAR-DEN, ST. LOU-IS.

said he to his wife, "a witch has got at our geese, and if we do not burn the dead ones and drive the witch from our place by the flames, we'll not have a goose left to us by next week."

So they built a big fire in the yard and threw



the dead geese in, one by one. By chance one of them was not quite dead, and when the heat made it squeak and strive to fly from the flames, Bur-dine and his wife gave a yell and took to their heels, for they thought the "witch" had come out of the goose to give vent to its rage.

The Gen-er-al's wife was quite large and fat, so one day he thought he would weigh her. He got a strong grape-vine and made a kind of swing of it for her to sit in, while he made the top firm to the "steel-yard"—an old-time scale or "bal-ance" you will see in the sketch on page 104. This was made fast to a hook in the roof of the porch. Then Bur-dine stood up on a cask, took hold of one end of the "scales," and bade his wife take her seat in the swing.

Plunk! Down came Mrs. Bur-dine, firm and sound in her seat, but up in the air went Mr. Bur-dine with a squall and a kick that sent the bar-rel far from the reach of his toes, and there he hung till some one came to help him down. Mrs. Bur-dine's weight was too much for him.

Mr. Bur-dine had a po-ny by the name of Ned. Folks said it was just as wise and fond of sport as Mr. Bur-dine, and would go with him o'er land and stream, rocks and hills, like a true friend. Mr. Bur-dine told some great tales of the fine things his po-ny

could do; one of which is so cute I shall have to tell it to you. Man and horse were out on the chase when they came to a stream so deep and swift that Mr. Bur-dine thought he would not try to wade it, but let Ned swim, and he would walk. So he cut down a tall, thin tree and made a bridge of it o'er the stream. It was so slim that he had to take great care not to let his feet slip off as step by step he made his way. When he had gone half the way, he had to stop and see where Ned was, for he could not see him keep pace in the stream, as was his wont in a case like this.

Ned swim? Oh, no! Ned stood still a bit to see how Mr. Bur-dine did it, then he took up his march with the same care. So here was Ned right at his back with a gleam in his eyes that meant to say, "Do you think I'll get a wet skin while you get o'er this stream with a dry coat? I guess I can do with four feet what you can do with two." Then he gave Mr. Bur-dine a push with his nose, as if to say:

"Move on, old friend, you and I will get to the end all right, if *you* will just step more briskly and give *me* a chance."

Dan-i-el Boone had a dog whose fame comes down to us with that of the first grist-mill built in Mis-sou-ri. The mill was made of stones that did the work with wa-ter force. Right slow work it must

have been, for it took a day and a night to grind ten bush-els of corn or wheat. As the stones ground the grain, the meal fell through a place made for it to a pan set on the ground. At first Mr. Bry-an, who built the mill, could not think where the meal went, for most of it would be gone when he came for it. But one day he heard a big noise out by the mill. He ran to see what the cause was, and there sat Dan-i-el Boone's dog Cuff with his nose up in the air, while a great wail of woe made the hills ring with his howls. The pan was clean, and when the mill did not grind as fast as Cuff would lick the meal, the dog gave vent to cries for more.

The stones of this first "mill" are on the farm of Mr. Lo-gan in Mont-gom-e-ry Coun-ty. They were sold to Mr. Lo-gan's fa-ther, who brought them from Fem-me O-sage Creek, in St. Charles Coun-ty, where the mill stood in the old time.

It is said that Cuff's taste for raw meal cost him dear. Mr. Bry-an put an old cof-fee-pot with a small top in place of the pan to catch the meal. Cuff got his head in that so firm that it would not come out, and he ran home with it stuck fast in that way. When Mr. Boone got it off, some of the dog's scalp came with it. Cuff did not care for meal from that time on. When folks gave it to him he would drop the curl out of his tail, blink his eyes as if there

were tears in them, and trot off bent with grief and shame. Do you think it was shame for his bad deed, or grief to think he was caught at it?

CHAPTER X.

SPORTS OF THE AMERICAN SETTLERS.

WHAT fun it would be to see some one ride up to our door on an ox! It is said that as late as the year 1825 a man by the name of Rice rode from place to place on the back of a fine, big ox with brass knobs on its horns.

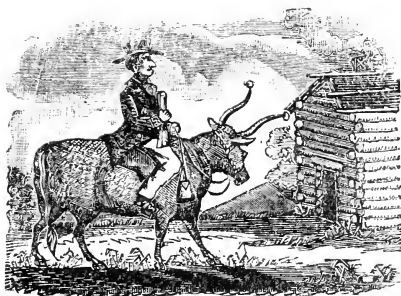
Mr. Rice was the man who had to go from house to house to get the cash from folks when the county tax was due. He was the "As-sess-or," and when he came with a "steed" so fierce, with horns that he could lift the roof off the house if the folk shut the door in his face, why, you may guess that he met with fair luck on his rounds, and men paid their debts at the first call.

And such rude sports as the young men used to have! One of these was a game known as Gan-der

Pull-ing. A large gan-der (shall I say male goose?) was hung on a frame of wood, or the limb of a tree, so strong it would not break. I think and hope the male goose must have been dead ere they strung it up. The head had to hang down just so that a man on the back of a horse could grab it by the neck and "pull" the head off, as he rode by with all the speed he could get out of his horse, and not lose his seat in the race.

At one of these games Jim Bur-dine, a son of the Gen-er-al I have told you of, thought he would come out first best for the prize. He rode an old mule that had no speed in him at all, so Jim felt that he would have lots of time to pull the head off more than one nice big male goose ere his steed went by.

When his turn came, he brought his old mule up with a slow pace and made a grab for the bird. Just then some sly youth gave his mule such a quick hard blow with a whip that the mule sprang up and ran off like a streak. The poor bird was so tough that Jim hung in the air with a firm clutch on the



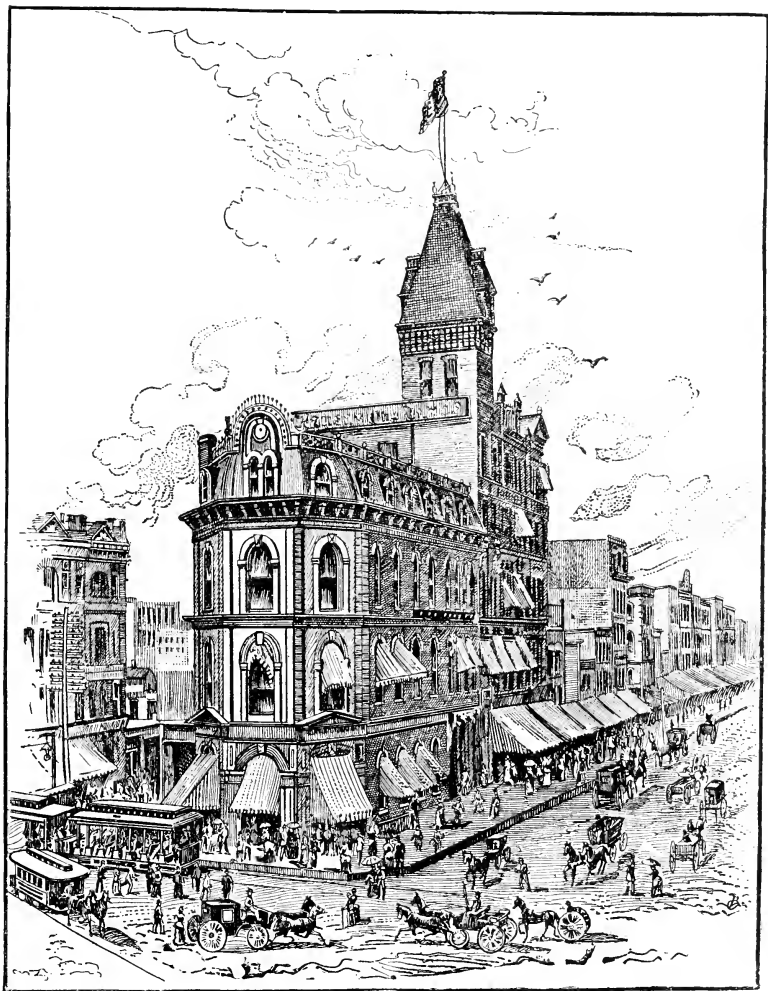
THE "STEED" MR. RICE RODE IN 1825.

gan-der's head till friends came to his aid and brought him down to earth safe and sound.

Wed-dings were a source of great fun, and fine sport old and young had at such times! Folks came from far and near to take part in them. They did not come just to help eat and drink, but to help the bride do the work. A feast was set for such a big lot of folks that a great table made of boards set on stumps and logs was spread in the shade of the woods. Whole young pigs, game of all kinds, and corn bread, with some snow-white wheat bread, so rare that it was cut as the bride's cake, made up the feast at such times. The girls all knew how to cook, and came from their homes days ere the one set for the feast, to help the bride brew and roast, and weave, spin, and sew. Some brides had to card, dye, and weave each shred of stuff that was to serve as the dress for that great day when she would take the name of wife.

While the bride and her friends spread the board with good things the young men had their sports. To run, jump, lift, or do such feats of nerve and strength as would draw on them the bright eyes and good-will of the girls was their aim.

A young girl had two young men seek her hand, one time. She thought well of them both. One was a brave but rude youth, who did not know



KAN-SAS CI-TY "TIMES" BUILD-ING.

aught of books or those nice ways to win the heart of a girl when strength and a big, fine form do not help him to her good-will. The one she got to like best had more taste for books than field sports, and his hope was to get to be fit to teach the Word of God in time to come.

The young men made fun of him, and said he was a "moll" and ought to be put in skirts; but when he won the heart of the belle of the wilds, they were so mad they made up their minds to vex him as much as they could on the day the two were to be wed.

They laid a plan to leap o'er the board on which the feast was spread, and the one who would as much as touch a dish or the side of the board when he made the leap should be put in a sheet, while four men held it and cast him up and down in it till he bid them stop, and thus be put to shame in the eyes of the girls.

Now they knew the young student had no skill in their sports, and their hope was to make the bride feel bad, and get all the fun they could out of the man who had won her.

As a rule the bride-groom led in the sport to show his strength and worth; but this day they had it all their own way till the feast was spread, and the time came for the "big jump."

They all bent their steps to where bride and groom stood, and said to him: "You must take the lead here; the chief man of the day must show what he can do as well as the rest of us."

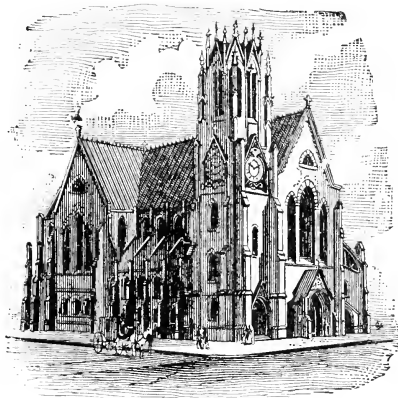
Then they told the plan of the game. The bride got as pale as death, for she saw that their aim was to make her dear one seem small and mean in the eyes of all the guests.

Not so the groom; his head went up, and with a flash of scorn he said to the big, strong youth who had been his rival for the hand of his bride, and who spoke for the young men:

"Brute strength is a grand gift when a true man's heart keeps house in it." Then he put his hand on the arm of his bride and said to her:

"Do not fear, dear; I have no skill at such things—frogs were made to leap, men to walk; but I do not lack the nerve, though strength should fail me, so here goes, and the Lord help the best man!"

With that he bent his head a bit, ran like a deer, and with one bound went clear of the board. Such



CHRIST CHURCH, ST. LOU-IS.

a shout as rent the air must have made the woods ring, and the bride feel that her choice was well made.

There was no more fun for the big youth. His spite had but brought out the real fine traits of the man he would have made the jest of his sport. When it was his turn to make the grand leap, it seems the nerve had left his limbs, for his feet struck the board, and it was his fate to get the "bounce" in the sheet and be the "jest" of the day.

CHAPTER XI.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

As the years sped on rough sports gave place to modes of life less crude. The House of God and the school house soon sprang up o'er the land. Men feel ill at ease if they do not have a church and a school in which their young folks may be taught to *think* and pray.

No race of men can be kept on a low plane of life if they take pains to lift up their thoughts to what God has done for them on earth. When we

know what we owe Him we *wish* to thank Him. When we learn to love His great works we *can not help* but praise Him.

The toil was rough and hard for those who were the first to clear the land ; but as soon as a group of folks would come to form homes in some new spot, they felt as if their lives were on most as low a scale as the brute till they had built, rude as it might be, a church and a school-house.

When those first "set-tlers" went to work to clear land and fell trees for logs with which to build a school-house, more than one of these men struck with a force born of the need they felt to be more wise than they were ; and from this need grew the wish to give their boys and girls a fair chance to learn, and put their gift of brains to the best use.

Boys and girls who have a chance to read of what has been done in the world by those who have made the best use of their lives, can not help but crave to grow good and great, or aim to serve our race in some way.

One of the first schools of note in Mis-sou-ri rose from the thrift and will of a wo-man, Mrs. Col-li-er.

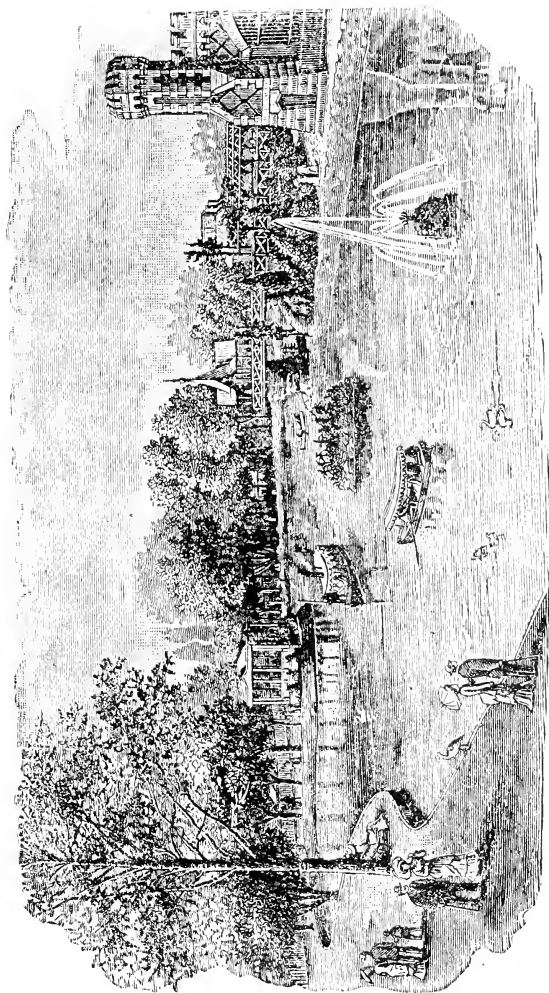
Mr. and Mrs. Col-li-er had their home in New Jer-sey. They had two wee boys when Mr. Col-li-er died and left wife and babes with but a small sum in cash on which to live. With this sum Mrs. Col-

li-er bought two cows, and sold the milk from these so well that she could take care of her boys and yet lay by from time to time a bit of cash, with which she bought more stock. With her good skill and thrift it was not long ere she had a farm with one hundred good milch cows.

In 1815 she sold this farm, and with \$40,000 in cash she came with her sons to Mis-sou-ri and built a home in St. Charles. They did so well here that in the course of time Mrs. Col-li-er built a church on her own ground, and gave a house in which school was kept, and at last gave a fund of \$5,000 to build a school for Prot-es-tant girls and boys. Out of this school grew St. Charles Col-lege. The son, Mr. George Col-li-er, was the right hand of his moth-er in all her good works, and, at her death in 1835, kept on with it till he died in 1852. He left \$10,000 as an en-dow-ment to the Col-lege.

When Boone Coun-ty, by the high bid of \$117,500, got the right to have the State U-ni-ver-si-ty built in Col-um-bia, the coun-ty seat, a man who did not know how to read or write gave \$3,000—a large sum in those days (1839)—to the school fund.

The man who gave with such a free hand must have felt as if his mind was held in chains by this sad lack, this great want in his life to know how to read, the grand key to KNOWL-EDGE.



LAKE AND GROTTO, FAIR GROUNDS, ST. LOUIS.

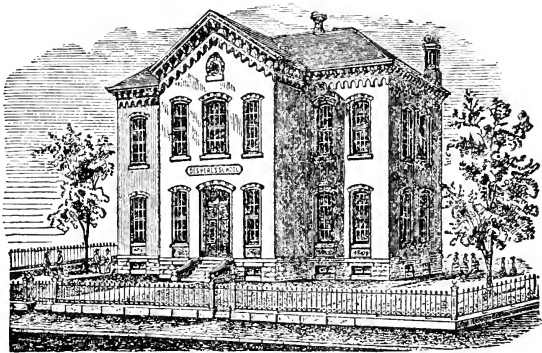
The State has done grand work for the young in this line. The schools are of the best in the world. In large and small towns you can see by their school buildings, first of all, how broad and high of mind the Mis-sou-ri-an is, and how vast the hopes and wide the aims of the men who build and toil for those who must take up the helm of life where they leave off.

Mis-sou-ri is yet so young a State that one can but look with pride on what has been done for her in so short a time. I will name some of the schools that dot the land. I have heard some folks say that "Learn-ing and cul-ture is not to be found in the West." Let these folks come and see us. We can teach them one or two things. There are lots of folks in the East and North who still think that all of the State of Mis-sou-ri but St. Lou-is and Kan-sas Ci-ty is a scene of dense wilds and bleak rocks, where now and then may be seen a stray white man with locks that know not of comb, and who, if some one sent him a cake of soap, would eat it for some kind of bread made by a new kind of yeast come in use since he left the "States."

Why the babes of Mis-sou-ri know more than that! The first step they take out of "moth-er's" arms is to the school-house, known by the sweet name of Kin-der-gar-ten. The wee tots soon learn

to love the name of Miss Su-sie Blow, who gave years of toil and thought to plant the Froe-bel system in the hearts of men and the soil of the State.

But the wee boys and girls of Mis-sou-ri have brains that will let them learn deep, and see far at the same time, so that they may have a pride in their own State, and yet love to give fair due to what is



DES PERES SCHOOL, ST. LOU-IS, WHERE FIRST KIN-DE-R-GAR-TEN WAS HELD.

good and great in those they meet when they go out to see what the rest of the world has done.

Our pub-lic schools will match the best in the world, and here is a list of some of the col-leg-es we are so proud of.

Lin-den-wood Fe-male Col-lege, St. Charles ; Al-ex-an-dria Col-lege, Clark Coun-ty ; Bap-tist Col-lege, Lou-i-si-an-a, Pike Coun-ty ; Cen-tral Col-lege,

Fay-ette, How-ard Coun-ty ; Cen-tral Wes-ly-an Col-lege, War-ren Coun-ty ; Chris-tian Broth-ers' Col-lege, St. Lou-is ; Chris-tian Fe-male Col-lege, Co-lum-bia ; Clay Sem-i-na-ry, Lib-er-ty ; Dru-ry Col-lege, Spring-field, Green Coun-ty ; Har-din Fe-male Col-lege, Mex-i-co, An-drian Coun-ty ; Grand Riv-er Col-lege, Edin-burg ; Han-ni-bal Col-lege, Han-ni-bal ; Le Grange Col-lege, Le Grange, Lew-is Coun-ty ; St. Paul's Col-lege, Pal-my-ra ; Syn-od-i-cal Fe-male Col-lege, Ful-ton ; Rich-mond Col-lege, Rich-mond ; Thay-er Col-lege, Kid-der ; Ste-phen's Col-lege, Co-lum-bia.

Mar-i-on Col-le-gi-ate In-sti-tute is a school on the O-zark Range in South-west Mis-sou-ri. Lin-coln In-sti-tute in Jef-fer-son Ci-ty is for the col-ored race. At Cape Gi-rar-deau is the South-east Mis-sou-ri Nor-mal School. War-rens-burg, John-son Coun-ty, has a State Nor-mal School. The North Mis-sou-ri State Nor-mal School is at Kirks-ville. The School of Mines and Met-al-ur-gy is at Rol-lo, in Phelp Coun-ty. The St. Lou-is U-ni-ver-si-ty is one of the first large schools built in the State. Ground was broke for it in 1829. Wil-liam Jew-el Col-lege is in Lib-er-ty, Clay Coun-ty.

These are but a few of the great homes of learn-ing to be found in the State of Mis-sou-ri.

CHAPTER XII.

MISSOURI BECOMES A STATE.

ON the 10th of Au-gust, 1821, Mis-sou-ri took her place in the Un-ion as a State, and it was soon shown that there were men of nerve and brain to take the helm and guide the State on to fame.

Al-ex-an-der McNair was made Gov-ern-or by the vote of the men of the State. At this time there were but 9,132 votes cast in the whole State. Wil-liam H. Ash-ley was made Lieu-ten-ant Gov-ern-or, John Scott was made Con-gress-man.

The first As-sem-bly was held in the Mis-sou-ri Ho-tel on the cor-ner of Main and Mor-gan Streets, in St. Lou-is, ere it was quite sure that Mis-sou-ri was in truth a State.

James Cauld-well, of St. Gen-e-vieve, was made Speak-er of the House; John McAr-thur, Clerk; Wil-liam H. Ash-ley, Pres-i-dent of the Sen-ate, and Si-las Bent, of St. Lou-is, Pres-i-dent *pro tem*. The first Su-preme Judg-es of the State of Mis-sou-ri were Ma-thi-as McGirk, of Mont-gom-e-ry

Coun-ty John D. Cook, of Cape Gi-rar-deau, and John R. Jones, of Pike Coun-ty. The first Sec-eta-ry of State, Josh-ua Bar-ton. State Treas-u-rer, Pet-er Did-ier. At-tor-ney-gen-er-al, Ed-ward Bates; Aud-it-or, Wil-liam Crist-ie. The first U-nit-ed States Sen-a-tors from Mis-sou-ri were Da-vid Bar-ton and Thom-as H. Ben-ton.

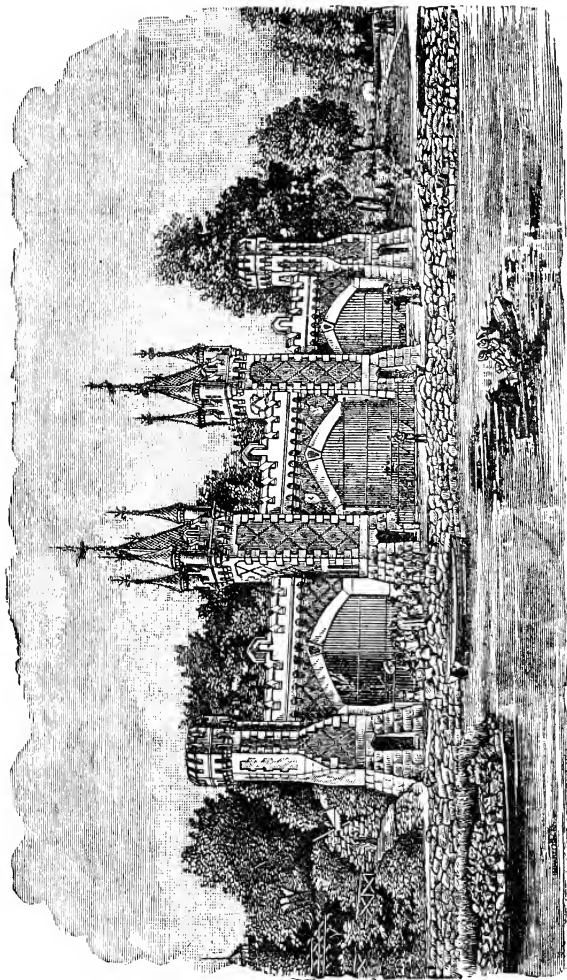
The seat of Gov-ern-ment was not to be in St. Lou-is, but at St. Charles, where the State ses-sions were held till 1826. From that time on Jef-fer-son Ci-ty has been the cap-i-tal of Mis-sou-ri.

On De-cem-ber 9th, 1822, the town of St. Lou-is was made a "ci-ty." Wil-liam Carr Lane was the first May-or.

Then streets were laid out and the ground plan of a great ci-ty had its birth. The riv-er front was set with rocks to form a safe lev-ee.

Thus in a few years a great change was wrought. In 1817 the first steam-boat had a hard time to land in the mud banks of a small town, not much more than a post of trade. In six or sev-en years from that time a hun-dred steam-boats left their car-go, and went hence with freight in trade with all the world.

In 1825 Mis-sou-ri had a guest of great note. Mar-quis de La-fay-ette, whose name brings to the hearts of all true A-mer-i-cans a rush of blood warm



BEAR PITS—FAIR GROUNDS, ST. LOUIS.

with love and thanks for what he gave to the cause of A-mer-i-can In-de-pen-dence in the time of great need ; for the life he did not fear to risk, with the gift of his wealth, to aid the Re-vol-u-tion-ist in 1777, when hope and cash had been at so low an ebb that e'en brave Wash-ing-ton's heart felt doubt as to what the end would be if help did not soon come. But La-fay-ette came. With him came Hope, Pluck, and Cash. He was but twen-ty-five years of age at that time when he came to help our brave troops nurse the weak, young Re-pub-lic in its grave strife for life.

Now at the age of six-ty-eight this dear, brave man came to see what use the Re-pub-lic had made of the land he gave his aid to serve.

You may be sure there was a grand time in our land when he and his son, George Wash-ing-ton La-fay-ette, set foot on A-mer-i-can soil. The Re-pub-lic was by this time a Un-ion of twen-ty-four States, and each State was glad and proud to have as its guest this dear friend of the Gov-ern-ment. When he came to St. Lou-is, old and young took part in the great time that was made to show him love ; for though Mis-sou-ri was not A-mer-i-can soil in the old Re-vol-u-tion-ary days, yet the men who had done most for the State were of the old stock that came from Vir-gin-i-a and Ken-tuck-y, or

some of the Col-o-ni-al States. Those of his own race and tongue in the State gave him sweet home-cheer and lent their aid to make the guest feel that all must, by force of true worth, keep warm in their hearts for all time the name of La-fay-ette. You must think of him when you walk in the park that bears his name.

When he came to the ci-ty of St. Lou-is there met him Colo-nel Au-gus-te Chou-teau of that fine old French race who first built their home nests here. With him was the May-or, Wil-liam Car Lane, and Ste-phen Hemp-stead, who had Re-vo-lution-ary blood in his veins in fact, for he bore arms for the "old" cause which was then so young.

The Mis-sou-ri-ans love to do things well and in style. There is heart and soul as well as brains in what they do as a host for their guests. The good cheer they gave La-fay-ette was the first of a long page of good cheer that was to come in the course of time for guests one can keep no count of.

CHAPTER XIII.

FLAMES AND DEATH.

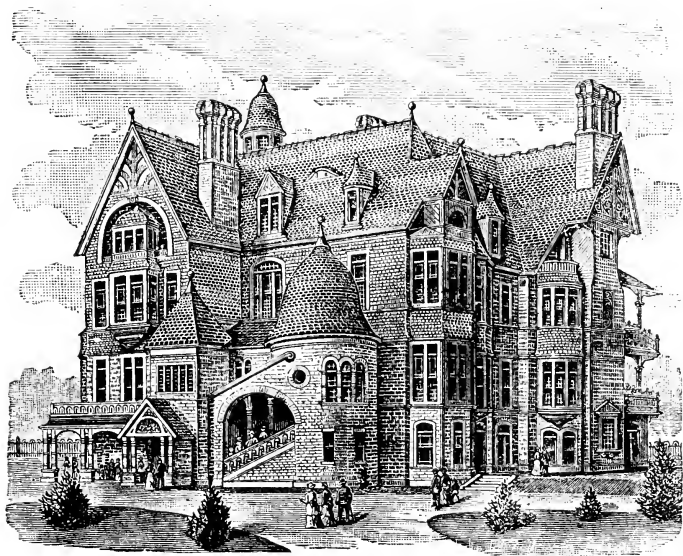
IN 1841 plans were made to light the ci-ty of St. Lou-is with gas. On the 4th of No-vem-ber, 1847, the work was done, and that night the good folks of the place felt that they could walk the streets by the light made by the skill of man, by the grace of God, who made his mind for such use. So the folks told the good old moon to pout and veil her face just when she had a mind to, and she might rise and set to suit her own hours, and not give them the least cause to fret at her moods.

In 1851 the first rail-road in the State was built at St. Lou-is. It was a short branch of what came to be the St. Lou-is and Pa-ci-fic line 'twixt Mis-sou-ri and Wash-ing-ton Ci-ty.

In our day the roads that lead to Mis-sou-ri are like the roads that lead to the Good Place: they come from all parts of the land to rest in the Un-ion Depot in St. Lou-is, and folks can take their choice as to what lines suit them best.

In 1847, on the 20th of De-cem-ber, the first tel-e-graph line with Mis-sou-ri was put in use, with its of-fice in St. Lou-is

One of the great needs to have men who could give their whole time to save life and prop-erty



ST. LOU-IS JOCK-EY CLUB-HOUSE, FAIR GROUNDS.

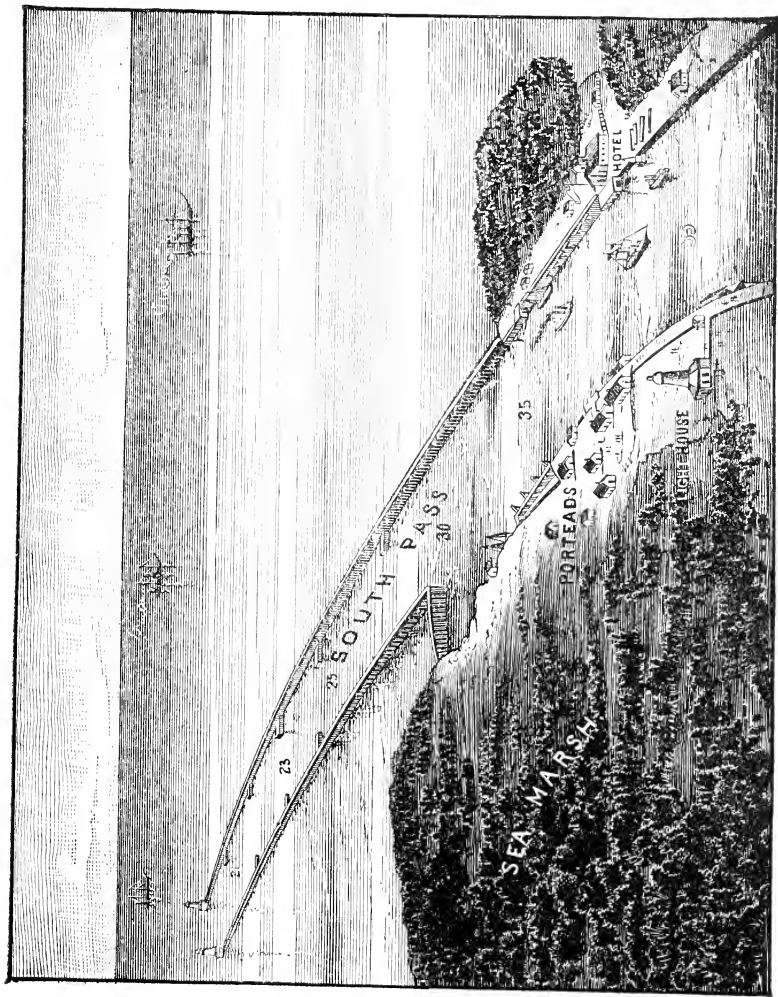
gave birth to the paid Fire De-part-ment in 1857. Oh, but Mis-sou-ri is proud of her "Fire Lad-dies"! They are men of brains as well as pluck.

The first big fire in St. Lou-is was on the 19th

of May, 1849. On the night of that date a steam-boat, the "White Cloud," which lay at the foot of Vine Street burst out in flames. The wharf was street deep, one mass of freight which had been put off, or was to be put on boats; this caught fire and set in flames whole blocks of ware- and store-hous-es on the face of the stream. The "White Cloud" soon got to be a float of flames, and on her swift trip down the riv-er did so much harm that ere a stop could be put to the fell work, twenty-three steam-boats, some barges, floats, and canal boats were in a whirl of fire, and, as one by one they burnt loose from their place at the wharf and went on a mad race down the stream, it made a scene for those who saw it that they could not get out of their minds to the end of life. 'Tis said the flames were a mile in length, and for hours men were in dread as to where they would halt, or would there be an end to their fierce greed as long as there was stuff left for them to feast on.

The wreck was great. The loss a sad one for that time. But the men of the great South-west have no end of pluck. They had strength of will and the nerve to face the ills of life as men should when dark days come, so the harm was soon made good.

In 1832 the worst form of chol-e-ra brought death to ma-n-y homes in and near St. Lou-is. The



SOUTH PASS JET-TIES TO THE MIS-SIS-SIP-PL.

scourge swept o'er the ci-ty once more in 1836 ; and in 1849 there was scarce a house that the dread breath of this dark, quick disease did not touch with the gloom of death. More than once the streams rose so high that land and homes were laid waste for miles and miles o'er the land ; but no flood, flame, or scourge can quell the brave soul of the Mis-sou-ri-an, nor drown, burn, or kill the pluck of the men of the great South-west !

CHAPTER XIV.

JOE SMITH'S PARADISE.

Do you know what a Mor-mon is? One kind of "mor-mon" is a bird. It is a queer bird with web feet and short wings so that it can not fly a long way at one time. It has such an odd bill or "beak," that folks who have seen it say it makes the bird look as if it wore a mask to hide its real face. The "Mor-mons" I mean are an odd sort of men. They may not have web feet, but they do wear masks 'neath which they would try to hide a face of fraud.

There came to Mis-sou-ri in 1831 a man by the name of "Joe" Smith. He was but twenty-six years old at the time, yet he was priest and chief of a lot of folks who thought they could change the minds of all those who have faith in the word of God as Christ our Lord taught it, and as the Word is taught to us by those who spend their lives in search of the TRUTH. Joe Smith was IG-NO-RANT! I can not find a small word in which to tell you all that the word ig-no-rant means.

Rude of speech and not book-taught, he was yet keen and taught in the arts of how to judge of men, for he found not a few that he could bring to his strange views, and make them have faith in his words when he told them he had found the one true re-li-gion.

First he said that God had come to him and told him that his sins were for-giv-en. That he, Joe Smith, should go hence and teach the true Gos-pel, and that all which had been taught so far was wrong and false.

Then he next told that an an-gel had come to him one night while he slept, and told him where to find plates of gold on which were marks that would make known the his-to-ry of the first race of men who dwelt on earth.

He said he went to the hill, on the road from

Man-ches-ter to Pal-my-ra, in the State of New York, where the an-gel had told him he would find them. But the “Old Boy” and his “Imps” were there to wage war with him for the plates.

This was hard on Joe, to say the least. But he thought he had the best right to the plates; so he cast off his coat, and then by his lone self “went for” the horde of those who came to the “scratch” with horns and hoofs, and made them lick the dust.



THE BOOK OF MOR-MON.

The “ref-er-ee,” Joe’s “angel,” then gave the fight to him, with the gold plates. These were six inch-es thick and eight long, with marks on them as you see on this page.

Joe then went to work to make Eng-lish of the “Book of Mor-mon,” for such, said he, were the plates. When the book was done and in print Joe went in search of a place in which to build a ci-ty for the “Saints” he had found. He said all who had faith in him were “saints,” and, strange as it may seem, he found quite a lot of folks who thought they would make tip-top saints.

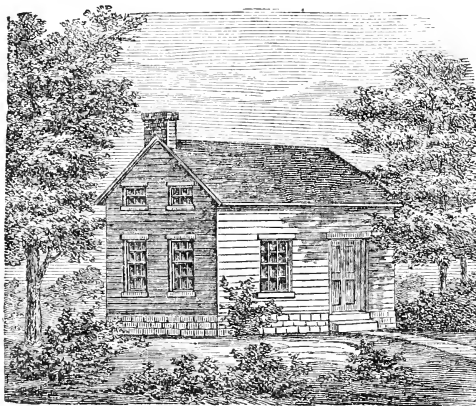
Joe came to Mis-sou-ri. Joe was not a fool. He knew, when he got to the State, if there was a fair spot on earth fit for a Par-a-dise, Mis-sou-ri was that spot.

He went to In-de-pen-dence, Jack-son Coun-ty, and the Lord told him, Here is Zi-on, here build the New Je-ru-sa-lem. He at once sped hence to the camp where his saints had made halt at Kirk-land, O-hi-o, and brought them to Mis-sou-ri.

They laid claim to some thou-sand acres of land, and the small-fry "saints" built homes and did the work, while the head saints saw that the stores and good things of life were in good hands, for they had care of them. No one had a right to call things their own; what fruit and grain there was from year to year was put in one great place, known as the "Lord's store-house." Joe and the head "saints" had a good time and fed on the fat of the land. Still they were not as bad a lot yet as they came to be.

Joe was now their High Priest and Proph-et. He made the dupes think that God put in his mind the things he said should come to pass. His mouth-piece was a pa-per known as the *E-ven-ing Star*. In this he fore-told great things for the saints. But such a "wrath to come" as that which he told would soon root out the "Gen-tile" from the face of the

earth, and leave all the wealth and fine things for the saints, did not suit these Gen-tiles. They bore the hue and cry for a long time ; then one night they flung the press and type in-to the stream. They gave the High Priest a warm coat of tar and feath-ers, and put some of the saints to shame in a place where all the town could see the show.



JOE SMITH'S HOME.

Then the saints took up arms to smite the foe, and some saints and Gen-tiles were slain. It was the luck of the Mor-mons to win this fight. Then Joe the Proph-et got in his fine work.

“I told you so!” said he to his saints. “We have won! We have smote the foe “hip and thigh”! We shall now clean out this hot-bed of sin (the town of In-de-pen-dence), for the Lord hath said it.”

By this time the “Gen-tiles” from all the towns near were on the war-path, and met the saints in such a way that they were glad to lay down their

arms and give their word that they would leave the place and come back to their "New Zion" no more. They then spread o'er new parts of Mis-sou-ri. The Proph-et Joe and the chief saints made their homes in Cald-well Coun-ty. The Tem-ple of the Proph-et was not such a grand place, as you will see by the sketch, which I take from "Switz-ler's His-to-ry of Mis-sou-ri," in which we are told that the house still stood (in 1879) on the farm of Mr. Peter L. Boul-ton. Some of the saints went all o'er the world in search of dupes, and found them. In a few years there were more saints than Gen-tiles in five or six coun-ties in Mis-sou-ri. The saints thought they had a right to take from the Gen-tiles all that they had, for Proph-et Joe said the "Lord's peo-ple" had the right to the earth. A "saint" could not, of course, be a thief!

They laid plans to build a great tem-ple in the midst of a vast, fine ci-ty to be known to all time as Far West.

It got to be hard times for the Gen-tiles, for the "saints" held all the of-fi-ces and made the laws, and a Gen-tile had no chance to get his rights where these Mor-mons were.

It is not strange, then, that they felt a rage grow up in their hearts, till it broke out in acts that were not quite fair. The end of it was a war in which the

State troops had a hand. Blood was shed on both sides, and much harm was done.

It was made known to the Mor-mons that they could not live in peace here. If they would leave the State they should be paid for their farms and homes. The head saints, in the face of State troops, and the hate of the "Gen-tiles," thought it



SCENE IN COUN-TY PEM-I-SCOT.

would be best for them to say "yes" to such terms. Ere this plan could be put in force the head saints changed their minds and would not go. In 1838 the Mis-sou-ri mil-i-tia was once more up in arms to make an end to the strife in the "Mor-mon Coun-ties." This time there was war! The First Bri-gade, with Gen-er-al Don-i-phan and Gen. John B. Clark, met the Mor-mon force one thou-sand strong, led by G.

W. Hin-kle. Joe Smith, the Proph-et, when he saw how frail a chance the "saints" had to come out first best, at last came to terms.

He and his head men at arms were to stay and be tried; the rest of the Mor-mons, old and young, should leave the State. This was the end of the Mor-mon pest in Mis-sou-ri.

Joe Smith, it is thought, gave the guard a fine bribe to let him leave on the sly. He led his saints to Il-li-nois to a sweet spot on the banks of the Mis-sis-sip-pi, to which they gave the name of Nau-voo, where they built a fine tem-ple, and were left in peace till 1843.

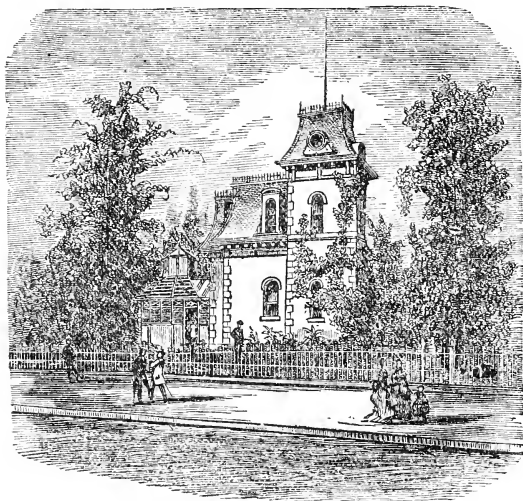
By this time Joe had thought out a plan to suit the taste of an A-mer-i-can Sol-o-mon. So he at once made known to the saints that the Lord had told him it was right to have more than one wife. The saints then took all the wives they had room for in their hearts and homes.

When this mode of life got to be known in the Gen-tile world, the peace at Nau-voo came to an end.

To have more than one wife at one time is to break the law of our land. Joe and the heads of the tribe of saints were thrust in a cell on charge of "trea-son a-gainst the State."

The news was then spread that Joe had friends in the men who held him in charge. This gave rise

to the fear that Joe would get clear in some way, just as he got out of jail in Mis-sou-ri. The men in Il-li-nois were bound this should not come to pass. A lot of them went to the jail in Car-thage where Smith and some of the chief saints were kept, burst in the door, and made a rush for Joe's cell.



GUARD HOUSE, LA-FAY-ETTE PARK, ST. LOU-IS.

Joe's friends in the jail must have left him with arms ; for he had good ones, and made the best use he knew how of them. Three men fell dead from his shots and more were bad-ly hurt ere he was caught by the mob.

But his time had come. A

ball at last hit him and he fell dead. Thus came to an end the life of the first Mor-mon Proph-et, Joseph Smith, a bad man, with good taste, though, or he would not have thought Mis-sou-ri the first, best place for a " Par-a-dise" for " saints."

Poor Joe! Had he but spent his wit and brains to build up a life of good works, what fame might he not have made for which men would bless him in the time to come!

Good deeds are not lost. We may grow sad at the thought when we have done a brave or good thing to see no good come of it *at once*. But good is bound to come from good, though years may pass ere it springs up, like some sweet plant, to cheer some life, or lead to great good for our race, our land, and homes.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CIVIL WAR.

THE State grew strong in wealth and men as the years sped by, till the year 1860 drew to a close. Mis-sou-ri was a slave State, as you will bear in mind. The first A-mer-i-cans who came to build up the State had come from slave States and brought with them their black slaves. It is but just and fair to state that it would have been strange had not these men felt their hearts go out in good-will to

those who held the views that a State had the right to go out of the Un-ion if the men of such States felt that their rights were at stake.

But in the twen-ty years ere the war there had come to Mis-sou-ri a lot of men from Ger-ma-n-y. They came to the "Land of the free and the home of the brave," and most of them made their homes in St. Lou-is. State rights, and the "rights" of the black man, did not give them great care. They had no slaves and had been brought up with views that must needs clash with the views of those who were born on the soil and had been taught views that had come down to them with their re-vo-lu-tion-a-ry blood.

As ci-ti-zens the men got on in peace, but when the scenes drew near the dread time of war the Germans took up arms for the Un-ion.

In the mean-time the chief men in of-fice in the State had met in Jef-fer-son Ci-ty on the 2d of Jan-u-a-ry, 1861, and made known that the State would not take up arms to aid the Un-i-ted States Gov-ern-ment make war on the slave States that had gone out of the Un-ion.

The Gov-ern-or just put in the chair of State that year was Clai-borne Jack-son. He and the Lieu-tenant Gov-ern-or, Thom-as C. Rey-nolds, were States rights men, or "Se-cessh," at least in so far as the

States that had se-ced-ed had the right to do so. There were in hope that the State would be left in Peace—not take sides in the strife. At least this was the aim of those who held warm hearts for the men of the se-ced-ed States. They did not wish to be made to take up arms for the Un-ion to strike at these States, nor were they at first of a mind to make war on the Un-ion. But peace was not to be the share of Mis-sou-ri.

The State, or most of the folks in the State, might be in “sym-pa-thy” with se-ces-sion. Or the head men of State and the folks might hope for peace, but in St. Lou-is there were men who were Un-ion, or war to the death!

The chief of these men was Frank Blair. Each throb of his pulse was Un-ion. His whole heart was set on the cause of which Lin-coln was the head. A cause that said, with red-hot shot, that the States were but the arms of a Re-pub-lic; and these arms had no *right* to act if the head of the Re-pub-lic did not move them to suit its own views.

Frank Blair’s acts brought to form the first Un-ion troops in the State ere Lin-coln’s call to arms was made.

The head men on the Un-ion war-side with Blair were O. D. Fil-ley, Giles F. Fil-ley, James O. Broad-head, F. A. Dick, Bar-ton A-ble, Charles

M. El-leard, Wil-liam McKee (of Globe Dem-o-crat fame), B. Gratz Brown, S. T. Glo-ver, Pe-ter L. Foy, Ben-ja-min Far-rer, S. Sim-mons, and men of that class and worth.

O. D. Fil-ley and John How, with J. J. Wit-zig, Sam-u-el Glo-ver, and James O. Broad-head were made what was known as the "Com-mit-tee of Safe-ty," to keep guard of the life and homes of the Un-ion folks in the ci-ty.

To arm men one must have funds. The cash of the State was in the hands of the State Treas-ur-er who was, like most of the of-fi-cers and folks in the State, not of a mind to let men use the funds to buy arms to kill them with. The arms of the State were at the Ar-se-nal, and this was in charge of men who held views like the Gov-ern-or of the State—at least, they would not give up the arms to men who had not the right to use them till the U-nit-ed States Gov-ern-ment gave them that right.

Now I wish to ask if the Gov-ern-or and the "bad se-cesh" were so wild (as some of the his-to-ries of that time would lead us to think) to have the gore of the Yan-kees and the Ger-mans ("Dutch"), why did not these bad se-cesh make use of their chance to wipe out their "foes?"

The arms and Gov-ern-ment stores of war were in the hands of those who were friends of the "se-

cesh," and yet they made no move that, in truth, can be said meant harm to the peace of the town till that peace was rent by the acts of the Un-ion-ists. But I have no right, in a book of this kind, to give tone to the facts as I may view them. The plain truth is, in brief, thus:

In Feb-ru-ary, 1861, there came to St. Lou-is Cap-tain Na-than-iel Ly-on, with a com-pa-ny of U-ni-ted States re-gu-lar troops from Fort Ri-le-y. They were sent by the U-ni-ted States Gov-ern-ment to aid the troops at the Ar-se-nal.

Gen-er-al Har-ney was chief-in-com-mand of the De-part-ment of the West at this time, and he was well thought of by the folks in Mis-sou-ri. It was his aim to keep scenes of blood and strife out of the State as long as he could do so.



SCENE IN LA-FAY-ETTE COUN-TY.

This did not suit Frank Blair and the warm Un-ion-ists. They were in great fear that if some move was not made to tie the hands of the “se-cesh” at once, the State would be lost to the Un-ion. It was their wish that Gen-er-al Har-ney should take steps to put down—lock up or some such step—all those who were in “sym-pa-thy” with the cause of the South.

This was, to the mind of Gen-er-al Har-ney, not the right thing to do just at that time. There were at that time more “se-cesh” in St. Lou-is and in the State than there were Un-ion-ists, and had Gen-er-al Har-ney been as rash as the Un-ion-ists, there would have been a great deal of fine blood let in vain for the Fed-er-al cause; for, as I have said, the stores and arms were in the hands of those who felt deep sym-pa-thy with the South, though they had no wish to strike a blow to harm the Gov-ern-ment.

Cap-tain Ly-on was as fierce and brave, as well as rash, as a “Li-on” in truth. For him there could be no two sides to the “Cause.” The “UN-ION” first, last, and all the time. Those who did not feel as he did were TRAI-TORS, for whom there must be no show of fair play.

This was the man for Frank Blair, who, like Ly-on, was all for the Un-ion. Wealth, life, and brain—all was not too much to place in the Un-ion

cause. The first thing, then, to be done was to get rid of Gen-er-al Har-ney, and make Ly-on chief of the U-nit-ed States troops in such a way that he was free to act as he saw fit and thought was right.

Frank Blair's brother was in Mr. Lin-coln's cab-i-net. By his aid the Blair men got their way, and Gen-er-al Har-ney had a "call" to come to Wash-ing-ton.

In the mean-time more Fed-er-al troops were sent to the State, and the first four reg-i-ments of Mis-sou-ri Un-ion Vol-un-teers were made up.

Frank Blair was made Colo-nel of the First; Hen-ry Boern-stein of the Sec-ond; Franz Si-gel of the Third; B. Gratz Brown of the Fourth. So then with Frank Blair and Ad-ju-tant-Gen-er-al Ches-ter Hard-ing and these hosts of brave men, Cap-tain Ly-on laid plans to "save Mis-sou-ri."

CHAPTER XVI.

CAMP JACKSON.

THE State mil-i-tia, in com-mand of Brig-a-dier-Gen-er-al M. L. Frost, went in-to camp at Lin-dell Grove, far out on Olive Street, in St. Lou-is, on the

3rd of May, 1861. It was a rule of the State militia to camp out in this way for six days once year.

This spring they laid out their camp ground in streets, just as they had done each year, but the names they gave these streets and the name of the Camp Jack-son, for the Gov-ern-or of the State, did not leave great doubt as to which side of the war theme their hearts were.

Cap-tain Ly-on knew the Ber-thold Man-sion was the "nest of the se-cesh," for when he came to St. Lou-is the "Reb-el Flag" was flung to the breeze from the top of the house. But the curb was on him then, and he did not dare to tear the flag or house down.

Now he was free to act; Har-ney, the "curb," was not on him. He put his spies to watch the Ber-thold Man-sion, and mark the men who met there, but his own keen eyes he kept on Camp Jack-son, the "trai-tor nest."

The Gov-ern-ment had not yet sent some one to take Gen-er-al Har-ney's place as chief of the U-nit-ed State troops, nor as yet had Ly-on the right to make war in the State. But he thought it was time to put down all signs of what in his eyes was rank re-bel-lion to the U-nit-ed States Gov-ern-ment.

He said as much to the Safe-ty Com-mit-tee, but they bade him bide the timetill he had the right to

act, or till the State Mi-li-tia by their own acts gave him some cause to break up their camp.

But Ly-on could not rest. When the President sent out a call for 75,000 men to take up arms, the Gov-ern-or, Claib Jack-son, had said that his State should not give one man to help bring on a war of States; hence Ly-on thought if the Gov-ern-ment could not see that it was high time to look out for its cause in Mis-sou-ri, he would, and take all risks on his own head.

On Wed-nes-day, May 8th, Ly-on bade Mr. Wit-zig join him at the Ar-se-nal at two o'clock the next day, Thurs-day. Mr. Wit-zig was on hand, but he could not find Cap-tain Ly-on. A la-dy with a veil o'er her face sat by Ly-on's desk. She did not speak, and when Mr. W. sat down to wait for the Cap-tain, the la-dy rose, threw back her veil, and lo! who should it be but Ly-on in the dress of a wo-man. There was a quaint smile on his face as he said :

“ You did not guess 'twas a man who sat here, did you ? ”

“ Not a bit of it ! ”

“ Well, I am in for a ride through Camp Jackson. Frank-lin Dick's black coach-man is to drive me there in Mr. Dick's car-riage. I shall spy out the land and then—act.

In the dress of a wo-man Ly-on made the tour of the camp. He then went back to the ar-se-nal sent for the Safe-ty Com-mit-tee, and told them that he had made up his mind to take Camp Jack-son, and at once! Gen-er-al Har-ney would be back by Sun-day, and then he, Ly-on, might not be free to crush out such a bold se-ces-sion nest till the traitors had a chance to arm and stand fight.

Gen-er-al Frost heard that Cap-tain Ly-on meant to break up the camp, and at once wrote to ask the Cap-tain by what right he meant to treat them as if they were the foes of the Gov-ern-ment, since they had but one hope and aim, and that was to keep far from our "Bor-ders the mis-for-tunes which so un-hap-pi-ly af-flict our com-mon country." (I quote Gen-er-al Frost's own words.) Fri-day the 10th of May, 1861, Cap-tain Ly-on at the head of the First, Sec-ond, Third, and Fourth Mis-sou-ri Vol-un-teers, and the Third and Fourth Home Guards with their chiefs, Colo-nel Blair with a bat-tal-ion of reg-u-lars under Cap-tain Swee-ny took up their march through Leclède Avenue. Colo-nel Boern-stein and his men went up Pine Street, Colo-nel Schutt-ner and his brave boys up Mar-ket Street, Colo-nel Si-gel and his proud men up Ol-ive Street, Cap-tain Brown and a squad of sol-diers up Mor-gan Street, and Colo-nel McNeil swept through Clark Av-e-nue.

There were six piec-es of ar-til-ler-y when they got to the camp and were spread on all sides of it. Cap-tain Ly-on sent Ma-jor Far-rar to the com-mand-er with this style of note :

“ You are foes to the Gov-ern-ment of the U-nit-ed States. You aid those who are now at war with it. The Pres-i-dent’s proc-la-ma-tion is, that you and all such as are foes to the U-nit-ed States shall ‘ dis-perse.’ You have not done so. I de-mand that you shall give up this camp. If you do not do so in peace, I am here *to take it*, all the same, and am in a fix to make my words good. You may have half an hour to make up your mind what to do.”

There were but few men in camp at the time, and if these had stood fight, the ar-my with Cap-tain Ly-on could have sent them to death in no time, for they were as fast as if in a trap, with the Un-ion-ists on all sides of them.

What a crown of fame was lost to them ! But those “ trai-tors ” would not let them take their heads off. The word was “ Sur-ren-der.”

Aide-de-camp W. D. Wood came with word from Gen-er-al Frost to Cap-tain Ly-on. But Cap-tain Swee-ny had to speak for him, as just at that time Cap-tain Ly-on had met with a blow from the hoof of his own horse that sent him to the earth in a swoon. ’Tis said that some of the men in camp

were made *real* “se-cesh” by this move on the part of Ly-on. When they were told that they would be pris-on-ers of war till they took the oath not to take up arms to fight the U-nit-ed States, some of them said they would die ere they took such an oath. Colo-nel John Knapp was one of these ; he broke his sword and flung it from him. The tale of Camp Jack-son is not yet all told, I grieve to say.

It would seem that a crowd of folks went out to the camp in the wake of the troops ; with them were a lot of men and boys who made fun of this “ar-my” that “took” Camp Jack-son. When the pris-on-ers came out ’twixt the line of troops drawn up to let them pass out in their charge, the “mob” grew wild with more than mere fun : they threw lumps of earth and stones and gave wild yells for Jeff Da-vis. This made the Un-ion troops fret with rage, but still they bore it, till some one in the “mob” sent a shot at one of the men in the com-pa-ny who had the pris-on-ers in charge. Then the harm was done—ere men knew how, in fact. The troops of Cap-tain Blandow-ski’s com-pa-ny, ’tis said, were not told to fire till their Cap-tain had been struck, when the charge was made and folks were shot at right and left. Fifteen fell dead on the spot, and some died from their wounds. Two of the pris-on-ers fell to rise no more ; the rest of the slain were those in the streets who

had come just to look on. Some of them were wo-men and boys. Of the Un-ion troops one was shot dead, and Cap-tain Blan-dow-ski died the next day.

CHAPTER XVII.

HATE AND STRIFE.

WHEN night came the Ci-ty of St. Lou-is was not a safe place for those who took sides with those who had brought woe on the place by the rash move on Camp Jack-son. Those who to this hour had made up their minds not to take sides in the war, since their hearts were with the South, but yet did not wish to fight the "Flag of the Un-ion," now grew hot with rage when they saw the streets strewn with dead and scenes of blood brought on by the men who had no right to use U-nit-ed States shot in so wild a way on cit-i-zens, though they were of the "mob" sort.

Now men took sides and met hate with hate, and some bad deeds were done by the friends of those in the "mob" who were hurt.

The blame was then thrust on all those who were "se-cesh." When the news got through the State of this sad scene in St. Lou-is, war broke loose in all its worst forms. The hope for peace was past.

Stirling Price's words: "All is lost. There is no hope now," when he took the news to Gov-ern-or Jack-son at Jef-fer-son Ci-ty, tell well how long they did hope that Mis-sou-ri might be left in peace. Now it was war!

Gov-ern-or Jack-son put Price in com-mand of the Mis-sou-ri State Guard, with rank as Ma-jor Gen-er-al.

In St. Lou-is May-or Dan-iel G. Tay-lor had to "pro-claim" to all that in the cause of peace folks should keep in there homes at night, and that small folk, boys and girls, must not leave their doors for three days. Bar-rooms must not sell beer or wine, but keep their blinds drawn and doors shut.

In truth it is hard to think that our dear old St. Lou-is was once the place for such scenes that wo-men, boys, and girls did not dare to face the light of day in the streets.

Those who could, left the town with all their dear ones, for this rash "Yan-kee Ly-on" made things red-hot for those who were luke warm in the Un-ion cause, and struck fear to the souls of those

who had the heart to cheer for the "Bon-nie Blue Flag of the South." In such a state of siege Gen-er-al Har-ney found the place when he got back from Wash-ing-ton on the 11th. Ly-on the Rash had done what he could, and his soul was full of proud glee. He had put the foe to flight, some two or three thou-sand had left, and more were in the act of flight when word came, "Thank God, Gen-er-al Har-ney is here! Our dear ones are safe!" Yes, Gen-er-al Har-ney was back.

Some of the best men in the ci-ty had met, and thought it best to send word to Mr. Lin-corn that Cap-tain Ly-on was not the right man to have at the head of the Mil-i-ta-ry De-part-ment in Mis-sou-ri. That Gen-er-al Har-ney was the man who was best fit for a place where folks felt as the Mis-sou-ri-ans did just then.

The Gov-ern-ment then sent Har-ney back, but not to stay long. The Blair men made sure to have their say, and soon Gen-er-al Har-ney was put out of the way, and Cap-tain Ly-on made Brig-a-dier-Gen-er-al chief in com-mand; and then, woe to the foes of the Un-ion in Mis-sou-ri!

But Mis-sou-ri did not go out of the Un-ion, and poor Ly-on, the rash, brave soul, soon lost his life at the bat-tle of Wil-son's Creek. He knew not fear, he paid heed to no risk in the cause of the Un-ion.

New of-fi-cers were put in the place of those who had gone to side with the Con-fed-er-a-cy.

Ham-il-ton Gam-ble—who, with Mr. Yeat-man, had gone to Wash-ing-ton to get Mr. Lin-coln to send Gen-er-al Har-ney back to St. Lou-is—was



GEN-ER-AL LY-ON.

made Gov-ern-or in place of Claib Jack-son. Wil-lard Hall was made Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or in place of Thom-as C. Rey-nolds, and Mor-de-cai Ol-i-ver was made Sec-re-ta-ry of State in place of Ben-ja-min F. Mas-sey.

There were some black Re-pub-li-cans now in the State who thought the slaves ought to be set free at once. Their hate for those who had slaves was so

great that they did not much care what harm came to them. But there were just and wise men left in the State, who did not think it was fair to rob men of that which they had paid their own cash for.

Mr. Breck-en-ridge was one of these just men. He said slaves ought to be made free in the course of time, so that the mas-ters could be paid for them by an act of the Gov-ern-ment that made them free ; and that no more slaves should be brought into the State.

Mr. Bush, of St. Lou-is, said there should be a

law made that af-ter the year 1864 Mis-sou-ri should be a free State, but the slave should serve his mas-ter on the same terms as if he were still a slave till Ju-ly 4, 1870. That the mas-ter ought not to be taxed for that black man's help as if he were still the white man's own prop-er-ty.

Mr. Gra-vel-ly, of Ce-dar Coun-ty, said all "Loy-al" men who had slaves should be paid \$300 a head for them. And so the men in the new Leg-is-la-ture made plans to get rid of the slave theme.

The time was close at hand, though, when one man, by a few strokes of his pen, put an end for all time in the U-nit-ed States, at least, to the word SLA-VER-Y.

Ham-il-ton R. Gam-ble made so fair and just a Gov-ern-or in those sad times that he was kept in the chair of chief of the State till 1864.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CAPTURE OF THE FIRST SECESSION FLAG.

WHEN you read the head-line to this chap-ter your pulse will throb quick and fast, your eyes will flash, and your heart thrill. You will think of a field

of strife where foes meet as man to man. The one who wins gives a cry of joy. His foe is down, and his own wounds give him great pain, but that is as nought to him. He is a he-ro. In his hand is the blood-moist flag of the foe. To pluck it from one who is a man as strong as his own true, brave self



ST. LOUIS AR-SE-NAL IN 1861.

is a grand deed. I know you must love to hear of such deeds. It is too bad I can't tell you a tale of such a fine deed of pluck when the first "con-fed-er-ate flag was cap-tured."

It came to pass in this way: Word came to Gen-er-al Ly-on at the Ar-se-nal that the "se-cesh" were real bad down in Po-to-si, and the Un-ion men thought it was time to put a stop to their cheers for Jeff Da-vis.

Gen-er-al Ly-on bade Cap-tain Coles, of Com-pa-ny A, Fifth Reg-i-ment, U-nit-ed States Vol-un-teers, take all the troops he might need down to Po-to-si, and put a check on the "reb-el" fun.

The Cap-tain was soon on his way, and in a short time the whole town was in the hands of the Un-ion force. Troops were put on guard at all the homes where "se-cesh" dwelt. A fine pile of lead was found in the house of one man who made use of his place of trade to aid the "reb-els" with lead for their arms and to make bul-lets with. This man's name was John Dean. He was made a pris-on-er of war and brought up to the Ar-se-nal. They went from house to house and took all things that had signs of good-will to the South about them.

At last, with some thir-ty hors-es, a lot of arms, some se-ces-sion u-ni-form cloth and half-made u-ni-forms of the "gray" kind, the Cap-tain and his brave boys got on the train to come back to St. Lou-is.

The train had to stop at De So-to. There the Un-ion troops had a view of a scene that made the loy-al blood boil. A pole 100 feet high had been

put up that day. Great throngs of boys and girls, men and wo-men were there met to raise a flag. Not the stars and stripes—oh dear, no; but the flag of “se-ces-sion!”

To rush from the train and scare the crowd out of their wits was soon done, and the Un-ion flag put up. But where was that reb-el flag? The pole had stood there bare of all signs of re-bel-lion. The flag must be in the town, and the Cap-tain was bound to have it.

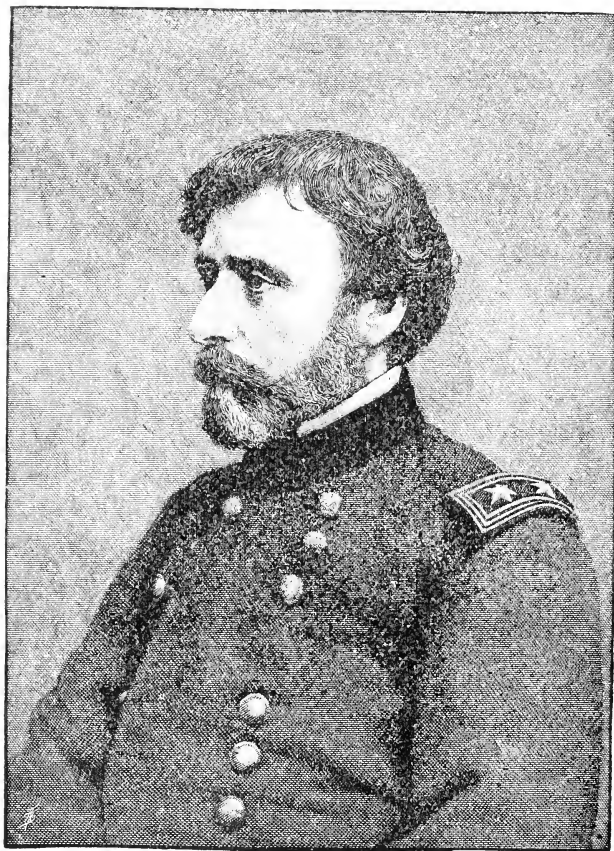
A squad of his men were sent to search for it. Some one told them where the flag was to be found. The troops spread on all sides of the house, and Dr. Frank-lin, with Ser-geant Walk-er, went in and made a search through all the rooms, but could not find it. At last he thought it odd that the la-dy of the house sat so still on a chair, so he went up to her and told her to get up.

At first she would not do so, but the doc-tor knew how to coax in a way that brought her to her feet right quick, and lo, there fell from her skirts a “se-cesh” flag thir-ty feet long and nine feet wide! What a grand cap-ture! The Doc-tor went with proud step and in high glee to show his prize to the Cap-tain and the troops.

With songs of Un-ion joy they came back to the Ar-se-nal to show Gen-er-al Ly-on some fif-ty pris-

on-ers they had brought with them, men who were caught with “sword and pis-tol” *not* by their side, but with lots of red-hot “reb-el” blood, the tone of which made the air ring with wild cries for Jeff Da-vis and se-ces-sion.

The Boys in Blue in camp at the Ar-se-nal were full of pa-tri-ot-ism and fight; but they had to wait there for word to march. And time hung long on their hands, so this prize of a “reb-el flag” was a fine thing on which to vent some of the pent-up vim in their souls. That night, by the light of a big camp-fire, the first Con-fed-er-ate flag cap-tured by the Un-ion troops was by some of those troops rent to shreds, while wild cheers for the Un-ion and the stars and stripes came from throats that soon had a call to give the warm blood to the last drop on the field of strife.



W. Fremont

CHAPTER XIX.

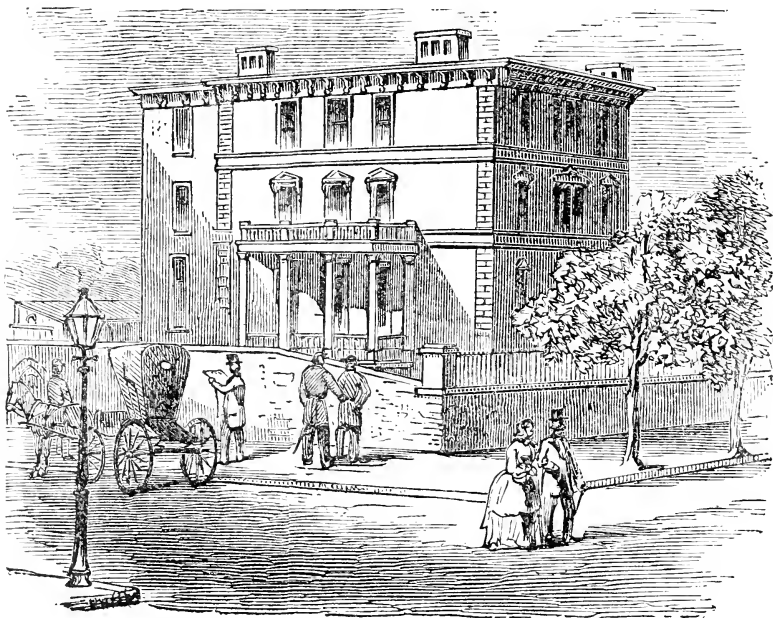
GENERAL FREMONT IN MISSOURI.

ON the 13th of June Gen-er-al Ly-on and his troops set out for the field of war in Mis-sou-ri. Colo-nel Ches-ter Hard-ing was left in com-mand at St. Lou-is.

On the 26th of Ju-ly Gen. John C. Fre-mont came to take com-mand as chief of the De-part-ment of the West. Gen-er-al Fre-mont's name will, in some sense, rank with that of the brave Al-ex-an-der Spots-wood of the old Col-on-ial days of Vir-gin-ia, who led the way to the heights of the Blue Ridge, where white man's foot had not trod, till he found a path. It was for deeds of pluck like this that Fre-mont made fame long ere the war of the States. He led the way o'er the wild, rude Rock-y Moun-tains, and got for it the proud name of The Path-finder.

When Gen-er-al Fre-mont got to St. Lou-is he sought a good place for his head-quar-ters, and found it at the cor-ner of Paul Street and Chau-teau Ave-nue. A fine house and grounds, the home of Col. Josh-u-a Brant.

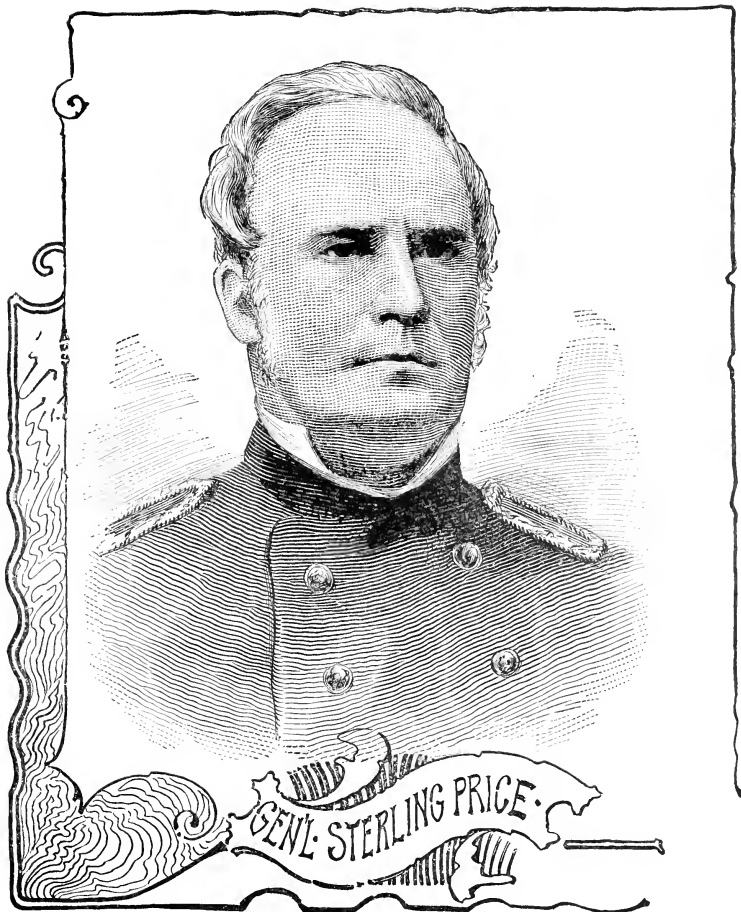
This, in the first place, did not please the friends of Gen-er-al Ly-on, who thought the Ar-se-nal ought to be the place for the Gen-er-al as well as the troops. They did not want to see style nor an air of state



THE BRANT MAN-SION, FRE-MONT'S HEAD-QUAR-TERS, ST. LOU-IS.

that made one think a king had come to make here his roy-al head-quar-ters.

Some claim that if Fre-mont had paid more heed to the needs of Gen-er-al Ly-on and the troops in the



field, Ly-on would not have met death as he did with so few troops to aid him ; and some say Ly-on would not wait for troops to be sent to him. He was keen for a fight, and went at the foe with a rush, nor gave fair thought to the brave men he led to their death ere the army was in the right trim to meet the foe on the field of strife with Gen-er-als Price, McCulloch, and Rains to lead them.

Gen-er-al McCulloch's ar-my con-sist-ed of the First Di-vis-ion, com-mand-ed by him-self ; the Second Di-vis-ion, by Gen-er-al Pearce, of Ar-kan-sas, and the Third Di-vis-ion, Gen-er-al Steen. The Mis-sou-ri troops were under com-mand of Ma-jor-Gen-er-al Ster-ling Price, and were as follows : The Ad-vance Guard, six com-pa-nies, under Brig-a-dier-Gen-er-al Rains ; First Bri-gade, Colo-nel Rich-ard Han-son Weight-man, and oth-er di-vis-ions and brig-ades un-der Brig-a-dier-Gen-er-al Wil-liam Y. Slack, of Chil-li-cothe (for-mer-ly of Boone Coun-ty) ; Brig-a-dier-Gen-er-al John B. Clark, Se-nior, of How-ard Coun-ty ; Brig-a-dier-Gen-er-al J. H. McBride, of Greene Coun-ty, and Brig-a-dier-Gen-er-al Mon-roe M. Par-sons, of Cole. All arms of the ser-vice were rep-re-sent-ed a-mong the Mis-sou-ri troops—in-fan-try, cav-al-ry, and ar-til-le-ry. (See of-fi-cial re-ports of Gen-er-als McCulloch, Price, and Clark in the " Re-bel-lion Rec-ord," Vol. 2, pp. 506-11).

Ly-on's col-umn con-sist-ed of three bri-gades, com-mand-ed re-spect-ive-ly by Ma-jor S. D. Stur-gis, Lieu-ten-ant-Colo-nel An-drews, and Colo-nel Deitz-ler. Ma-jor Stur-gis' bri-gade was com-posed of a bat-tal-ion of reg-u-lar in-fan-try un-der Cap-tain Plum-mer; Cap-tain Tot-ten's light bat-ter-y of six piec-es, a bat-tal-ion of Mis-sou-ri vol-un-teers, un-der Ma-jor Os-ter-haus, Cap-tain Wood's com-pa-ny of mount-ed Kan-sas vol-un-teers, and a com-pa-ny of reg-u-lar cav-al-ry, un-der Lieu-ten-ant Can-field. Lieu-ten-ant-Colo-nel An-drews' bri-gade con-sist-ed of Cap-tain Steele's bat-tal-ion of reg-u-lars, Lieu-ten-ant Du-bois' light bat-ter-y of four piec-es, and the First Mis-sou-ri Vol-un-teers. Deitz-ler's bri-gade was com-posed of the First and Sec-ond Kan-sas and First I-o-wa Vol-un-teers, and two hun-dred mount-ed Mis-sou-ri Home Guards. Si-gel's col-umn was made up of the Third and Fifth Mis-sou-ri Vol-un-teers. One com-pa-ny of cav-al-ry un-der Cap-tain Carr, one of dra-goons un-der Lieu-ten-ant Far-rand, while Lieu-ten-ant Lath-rop led a com-pa-ny of re-cruits with a light bat-ter-y of six guns.

The worst time of all in Mis-sou-ri was at hand through the act of Gen-er-al Fre-mont, when the news came that Ly-on had met the foe, and was slain at Wil-son's Creek.

He put Mar-tial Law in force. This meant

woe to all who by speech or deed gave aid to the foes of the U-nit-ed States Gov-ern-ment. Homes and lands were con-fis-ca-ted, and their slaves set free. Wo-men or men were to be shot if found guil-ty of "active sympathy" by the "court" of those who tried them. Ma-jor J. McKin-stry was made Provost Mar-shal.



No man, wo-man, or child could leave the ci-ty or State if they did not have a pass which said who and what they were, what age, and what weight and size they were, where bound and from where they had come, and "un-der pen-al-ty of death" they gave their word not to say or do aught to aid the foe, but be "loy-al to the U-nit-ed States."

J. D. Phelps

This was force with a high hand to be sure! It gave mean men a right to rob and kill on all sides, and say 'twas done to the foe. Where great hosts of men go forth to war, some of them will be low and bad; thus all through Mis-sou-ri much harm was done by the U-ni-on troops. This gave rise to new hate on the part of those who had to bear wrongs thus put on them. From this sprang

what some Un-ion men, who would see but *one side of the scenes*, call those “in-fa-mous reb-el raids.” Were there no “Un-ion raids,” let me ask? Can these men speak the truth and say, No?

All the bad luck that came to the Un-ion troops in the field at this time was put to the charge of Gen-er-al Fre-mont, who, by the 27th of Sep-tem-ber, had his force in or-der for the field of war. With his so well-known-to-fame body guard and Ma-jor Za-gon-yi and 20,000 men in charge of Gener-als Hunt-er, Pope, Sig-el, McKin-stry and Asboth, with eigh-ty-six pic-ces of ar-til-le-ry, Gen-er-al Fre-mont went hence to drive Price and the foe out of the State.

But the heads of the War Department at Wash-ing-ton were not deaf to the cry of harsh rule that came from Mis-sou-ri. Si-mon Cam-er-on, Sec-re-ta-ry of War, and Ad-ju-tant-Gen-er-al Town-send had come on to see what the cause of the cry was.

To be brief, for I am not to write a his-to-ry of the war, but just to sketch the main part Mis-sou-ri took in it, Gen-er-al Fre-mont was soon left out of the war plans of the State. The next four years brought sad, hard times to Mis-sou-ri-ans. The lands and homes were laid waste, and when the troops were on the march here and there they did not stop to ask if there was food to spare from those who were left at home. They took

all they could lay hands on, for such is the fate of war.

A cute tale is told of Gen-er-al Grant. Ere yet he had won his high rank he led some troops in south-east Mis-sou-ri on the track of Jeff Thompson, who was said to be in, or near, the Ar-kan-sas line with his "wild boys." The "ad-vance guard" of the Un-ion troops was Lieu-ten-ant Wick-field, of an In-di-a-na cav-al-ry re-gi-ment, with eight men.

They did not find the road rich with milk and hon-ey, it seems, and they felt in sore need of a square meal. When they had been on the march for three days, the "ra-tions" they had brought with them gave out, and they made a halt at the first farm they came to, and thought they would see what could be done in the way of a bite to eat up at the house. They had a plan in view. Lieu-ten-ant Wick-field then rode up in grand style and said to the dame who came to the door :

"Ma-dam, could you give me and my staff a sup and bite?"

"And pray, who may you and your staff be that I should feed you?" spoke up the dame, with quick wit.

"Ma-dam," said Wick-field with a bow and tip of his hat, "I am Brig-a-dier-Gen-er-al Grant.

At this the dame and her help flew round with

all speed and soon a fine meal was set out—at least to those men the meal was first class;—to those who starve and thirst the most plain of food is fine and good. When there was naught left to eat, they gave the dame sweet thanks and rode off. They had not been gone long when Gen-er-al Grant and his staff rode up. The Gen-er-al said to the dame if she would be so kind as to cook a meal for them he would pay her well.

“No. I’ll do no such thing!” said she in a rage. “Gen-er-al Grant and his staff have just been here, and eat up all there was in the house but one pump-kin pie.”

“Ah, ha! So Gen-er-al Grant has been to see you, has he? Will you please tell me your name?”

“My name is Sel-vidge.”

Gen-er-al Grant gave her a half dol-lar, and said: “Please keep that for the pie, and keep the pie till I send for it in a short time.”

The dame said she would do so. That night, when all the troops were met to camp, the as-sist-ant Ad-ju-tant-Gen-er-al read this or-der in the face of all the troops.

HEAD-QUAR-TERS AR-MY IN THE FIELD,
SPE-CIAL OR-DERS No. **II**.

Lieu-ten-ant Wick-field, of the In-di-an-a Cav-al-ry, hav-ing on this day eat-en ev-er-y-thing in Mrs.

Sel-vidge's house at the cross-ing of the I-ron-ton and Po-ca-hon-tas and Black Riv-er and Cape Gi-rar-deau roads, ex-cept one pump-kin pie, Lieu-ten-ant Wick-field is here-by or-dered to re-turn with an es-cort of one hun-dred cav-al-ry, and eat that pie al-so.

U. S. GRANT,
Brig.-Gen., Commanding.

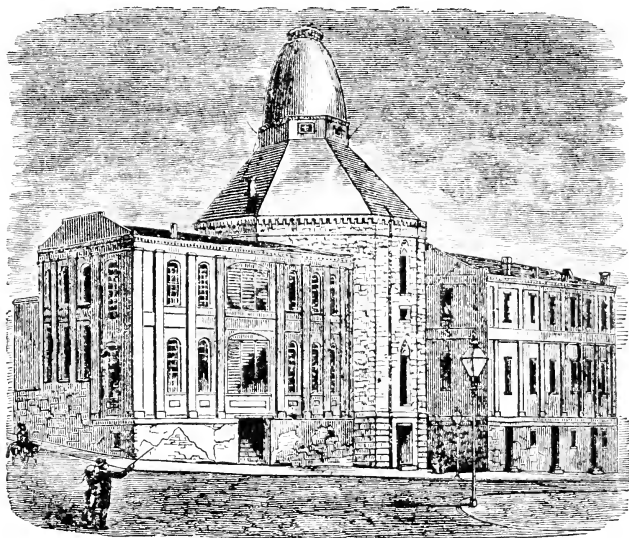
CHAPTER XX.

GRATIOT STREET PRISON.

HARSH deeds were done by North and South in those sad days of war, but if the walls of old Gra-tiot Street Pris-on could talk what tales they could have told of woe and heart-ache that would, in some way, match the dark side of An-der-son-ville, though this pris-on was in the midst of Gov-ern-ment wealth in the heart of the Ci-ty of St. Lou-is, the home of good deeds and kind works.

But war makes fierce the heart of men. A friend who gets to be a foe at such a time, turns out to be a foe in whom all sense of old-time love is dead or what is worse, love gone to rank hate. It was a

queer pile of stone and brick, that pris-on, known in old times as McDow-ell's Col-lege, the first great med-i-cal and sur-gi-cal school built in Mis-sou-ri. Some odd tales are told of the doc-tor whose name it bore, and whose fame as a great sur-geon is world-wide.



OLD GRA-TIOT STREET PRIS-ON.

Folks now grown old and gray tell how, when they were young, they would fear to go near the grim, gray pile for fear some “spook” of the poor dead folk who had been “cut up ” in the place to serve the

cause of sci-ence, might be seen in the gloom of the deep al-cove bal-co-ny of the Doc-tor's house, or in the long, slim win-dows of the stone Col-lege.

Groans and moans might in truth have been heard when the old sur-geon, who was heart and soul "se-cesh," was in the place no more, and the Gov-ern-ment took the prop-er-ty to make a pris-on of it.

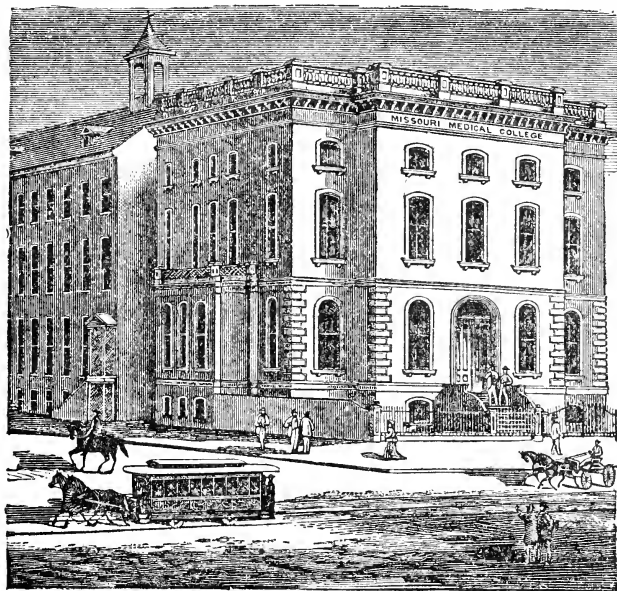
To it were brought men and wo-men who would have wrought the Un-ion cause all the harm they could, if they were free to work their will. But woe and at times death was dealt out to those who were brought here. Near the close of the war sev-en men were sent to their death at one time, in the yard of the pris-on. They had brought death to Un-ion men, and much harm to the Un-ion cause. Thus a sketch of old McDow-ell's Col-lege may well form a page in the His-to-ry of Mis-sou-ri.

In 1865 the old sur-geon and foun-der came back to St. Lou-is, and the old Col-lege, with its war-worn face, once more gave voice to sci-ence and skill by which to aid health and limb, sight and speech.

Dr. Jos-eph McDow-ell died in 1868, and in 1873 a new med-i-cal col-lege was built, and McDow-ell's Col-lege, old Gra-tiot Street Pris-on, is part of the his-to-ry of a great and sad past.

The "new" school of med-i-cine, the Hahne-

mann system of Hom-œ-op-a-thy, was brought to Mis-sou-ri some time in the years 1840-1850, and it came to stay and thrive in spite of the ill-will of the "old" school. Some of the men in the front



MIS-SOU-RI MED-I-CAL COL-LEGE, ST. LOUIS.

ranks who, with their skill and high aims, did so much to break the tough neck of BLIND PRE-JU-DICE, which stands to fight—to the death if it can—all things new that bid fair to rob the old of some of its fame, bear the names of Drs. Gran-ger, Stein-es-tel,

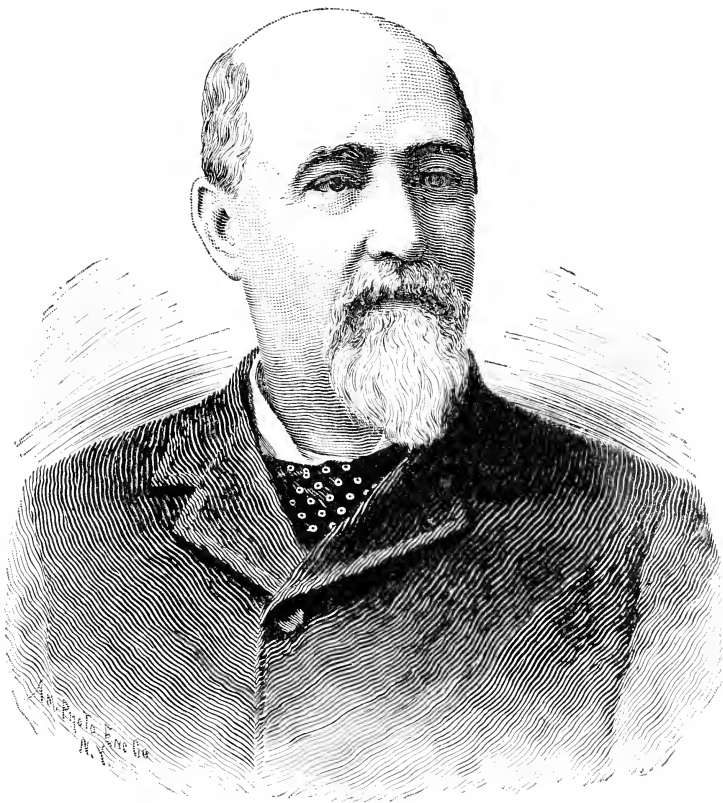
Tem-ple, Fish-er, and Com-stock. Some of these have since gone to their long rest, but the "School" lives on and has grown vast in fame through the good work of those who, by their keen skill, save life and bring health to man-kind with Ho-mœo-path-ic treat-ment in Mis-sou-ri.

CHAPTER XXI.

"POOR SAMBO" IS MADE A FREE MAN.

IN 1864 Thom-as C. Fletch-er, the first real "Black Re-pub-li-can"—that means one who thinks a ne-gro has the same right to vote, and live, and do as the white man does—was made Gov-ern-or of the State. He was the first Re-pub-li-can to hold that high of-fice in any slave State. George Smith was made Lieu-ten-ant-Gov-ern-or. Those who were in heart with the South had now no voice in the State, so of course could not vote.

Gov-ern-or Fletch-er was a man of work. He took up arms for the Fed-er-al cause when the war first broke out ; and, as far as he could do so, he took up arms, as it were, to put out of of-fice all such men



Thos. Fletcher

FIRST RE-PUB-LI-CAN GOV-ERN-OR OF ANY SLAVE STATE.

as held warm dem-o-crat-ic views. To him at this time there could be no two sides to the Un-ion cause.

As soon as he took the "chair of State" the slave theme was brought to the front. A con-ven-tion was held in St. Lou-is on the 6th of Jan-u-a-ry, 1865, and on the 11th of the same month a "Proc-la-ma-tion of Free-dom" was born. I will put it down here in the words of the Gov-ern-or, as they are part of the State's His-to-ry.

PROC-LA-MA-TION OF FREE-DOM.

EX-EC-U-TIVE DE-PART-MENT.

Ci-TY OF JEE-FER-SON, MO., Jan-u-a-ry 11, 1864.

It hav-ing pleased Di-vine Prov-i-dence to in-spire to right-eous ac-tion, the sov-er-eign peo-ple of Mis-sou-ri, who, through their del-e-gates in con-ven-tion as-sem-bled, with prop-er le-gal au-thor-i-ty and so-lem-ni-ty, have this day or-dained :

"That here-after, in this State, there shall be nei-ther sla-ver-y nor in-vol-un-ta-ry serv-i-tude, except in pun-ish-ment of crime, where-of the par-ty shall have been du-ly con-vict-ed ; and all per-sons held to ser-vice or la-bor as slaves, are here-by de-clared free ;"

"Now, there-fore, by au-thor-i-ty of the Su-preme Ex-ec-u-tive pow-er vest-ed in me by the Con-sti-tu-tion of Mis-sou-ri, I, Thom-as C. Fletch-er,

Gov-ern-or of the State of Mis-sou-ri, do pro-claim that hence-forth and for-ev-er no per-son with-in the ju-ris-dic-tion of this State shall be sub-ject to any a-bridg-ment of lib-er-ty, ex-cept such as the law shall pre-scribe for the com-mon good, or know any mas-ter but God.

In tes-ti-mo-ny where-of I have here-un-to signed my name and caused the great seal of the State to be af-fixed, at the Ci-ty of Jef-fer-son, the e-lev-
 { L. S. } enth day of Jan-u-a-ry, A.D., eigh-teen hun-
 dred and six-ty-five.

THOM-AS C. FLETCH-ER.

By the Gov-ern-or:

FRAN-CIS ROD-MAN, *Sec-re-ta-ry of State.*

"Poor Sam-bo" was a slave no more ! But the poor white man had a hard time of it all o'er the State if he was not "clad" with an oath that bound him with chains so strong that he got to be a slave to the will of those who bound him as fast as the bonds of the black man. Young and old, men and wo-men, had to take this oath of Loy-al-ty to the Gov-ern-ment; and those who would not take it were thrust in pris-on cells though they had no wish to harm the Gov-ern-ment, but felt that to *force* them to take such oath was an act

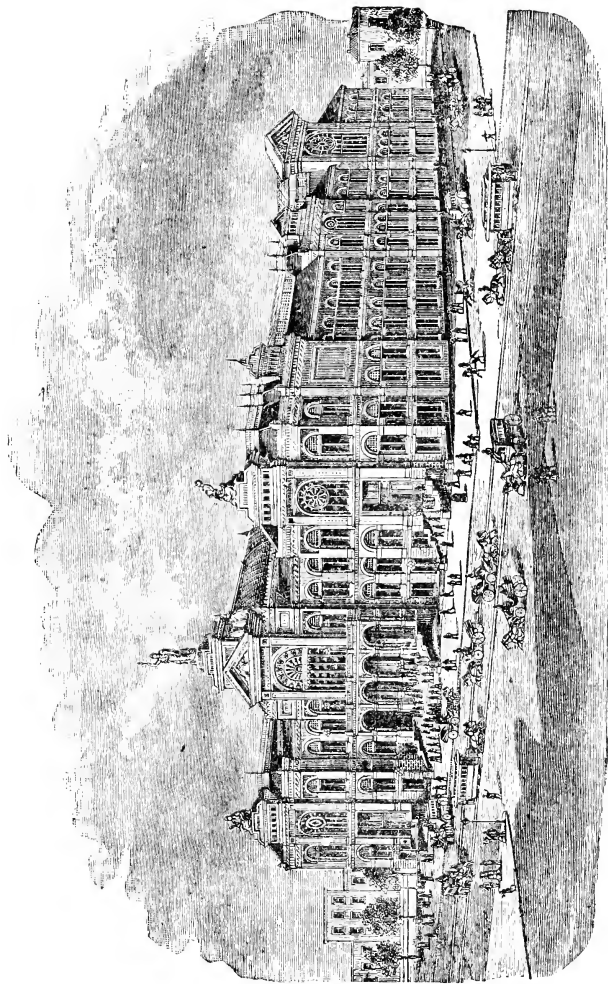
that left white men but small chance to be as “free” as the ne-gro.

But the times were bad in Mis-sou-ri; “raids” were made in all parts of the State. Un-ion-ists said



PLUCK BRINGS LUCK.

folk who would not take the “test-oath” must needs be foes to good rule. Let that be as it may, good came out of it in a short time to the State. The school-house doors were once more thrown wide for small folks to take up the tasks that war had put a stop to. Plans were made to bring to the eyes of



ST. LOUIS EX-PO-SITION BUILDING AND MUSIC HALL.

the world the good things of our State so that new folks would come and make their homes with us.

In 1864 there were not quite one mil-lion souls in the State. At the end of Gov-ern-or Fletch-er's term, 1868, a half a mil-lion more folks had come to build up the wreck war had made in Mis-sou-ri.

L. U. Reaves states that the "in-crease of pop-u-la-tion from 1870 to 1880 was 26 per cent." Since then the growth has been still more great, I am told. But let those folks who have a dread that there is no more room in this great Re-pub-lic for such of our race as wish to find homes in the New World be of good cheer; there is wealth in the soil of Mis-sou-ri, and there is room for all who seek it with brave will and strong hands, for PLUCK will bring the LUCK in our fine State, where the air is sweet with song and the earth is fair with bloom.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WAR WOUND HEALS.

THAT thorn in the heart of the Re-pub-lic,—slav-ery—had been drawn. With it had come some sore blood. But the great wound was bound to heal with the balm of time and toil. The men of Mis-

sou-ri are not of the kind who lie down to sleep and say night is come when a cloud hides the sun, or when an e-clipse seems to turn bright day to night for a short time. They were up and in fine trim for work when the cloud of war had gone by.

The chief need of the time was a safe and sure and quick means to link the State with the world on the east side of the Mis-sis-sip-pi. Trans-fer of folks and freight by boat was all right while the great stream was free from ice. But there were times when a stop had to be put to trade and travel for hours, and once in a great while for a day or two, till the ice was firm so that planks could be laid on which om-ni-buses with folks and trans-fer wa-gons with freight could drive o'er the stream to meet the trains.

We must have a bridge, said St. Louis Brains, Pluck, and Cash. On the 21st of Feb-ru-ary the plans for it took form, with James B. Eads as chief en-gi-neer and Hen-ry Flad as as-sist-ant chief en-gi-neer. A steel bridge was built at the cost of ten mil-lion dol-lars. The whole length of the bridge is 6,220 feet. It has three spans and is fifty-four feet wide.

From the bridge was then built a tun-nel, at the cost of a mil-lion dol-lars more, which led to a large, fine de-pot where trains come to a halt with their live and still freight from all parts of the world.

There is one thing to be borne in mind when men speak of Mis-sou-ri, and of this it would scarce be fair not to make note. The small towns, like the ci-ties of the State, have the stamp of EN-TER-PRISE on the face of their mode of life.

And the folks love to have a good time. They know that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The li-bra-ry and the thea-tre give proof that "dull boys" do not thrive in Mis-sou-ri. But the chief pet and pride of Mis-sou-rians is the ex-po-si-tion and fair which is held in St. Lou-is in the fall of each year.

As long ere the war as 1855, some men of brains who had in view the good of the State laid plans for this fair. The char-ter for it was made out De-cem-ber, 1855. Good men soon made up the funds to form an as-so-ci-a-tion with means to go on with the good work. By the 5th of May, 1856, there was a board of di-rect-ors and of-fi-cers with well laid plans for the St. Lou-is Ag-ri-cult-u-ral and Me-chan-i-cal As-so-ci-a-tion.

Rich-ard Bar-ret was made pres-i-dent; T. Grims-ley, A. Har-per, and H. C. Hart, vice-pres-i-dents; H. S. Tur-ner, treas-u-rer, and G. O. Kalb, a-gent and sec-re-tary. A fine large tract of land was bought in the north-west-ern part of the ci-ty, and the grounds were soon laid out for the fair.



David R. Francis

GOV-ERN-OR OF MIS-SOU-RI.

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\$50,000 in pre-mi-ums was the sum held out to farmers, in-vent-ors, and stock rais-ers far and near. They came, they saw, and the As-so-ci-a-tion was the conquer-or.

When the war storm came, these Fair Grounds came to be a field of tents o'er which the U-nion flag held guard and ward. When peace came, these men sprang to the work once more. All trace of arms was thrust from sight. Where sol-dier guards had made rude tracks o'er sward and bed of green, the Zo-o-log-i-cal Gar-den, that great joy for old and young, rose to life. Great build-ings were put up to hold the prod-uct of the land and loom and the in-ven-tor's skill, and fine new sheds for stock of all kinds made the new-born Fair Grounds a thing of life it would be hard to find in any sis-ter State to this day. But true "grit" does not know such a word as stop.

There is an Ex-po-si-tion build-ing, not in the Fair Grounds, but in the heart of the ci-t-y, where sci-ence, skill, and mu-sic meet each year, and where Mis-sou-ri is host to the hosts of folks who come from all the States to see what new thing Brains and Pluck has done for the use and good of man.

The last week of this Ex-po-si-tion is the great week in Mis-sou-ri. Then St. Lou-is dons her fine robes and meets her guests in a blaze of light and



THE STREETS OF ST. LOUIS "VEIL-ED PROPH-ET'S" WEEK. 185

pride. A great pa-rade is held in which all trades take part. In this week the chief guest is the Veiled Proph-et. He comes all the way from the sand-laid plains of Past, in old Sphinx Land, to have a peep at the youth and brain and strength in the fair valé of a great South-west.

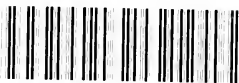
His eyes, that age will not dim, grow moist with love born of hopes he dare not give voice to, when he looks at the boys and girls who come out to greet him ; but his thoughts run thus :

What stout brave lads and sweet bright maids are here in scores ! What will they do with their young lives ? The road is made for you. The path is clear. March on with head held high and soul kept clean. You are the hands with which the Great Cre-a-tor works. Learn, then, to think. Let thought take form till all the world must turn to see what you have done to bring such worth and fame to the home of the Mis-sou-ri-an.

THE END.

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